

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1887.

NO. 290.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

COLUMBUS, MISS., Dec. 7, 1887.
DEAR INTERIOR.—As the crow flies, we are but little more than 20 miles from Aberdeen, and Monroe and Lowndes counties adjoin. The two county seats have nearly the same population and both lie on the right bank of the Tombigbee river. At Columbus this serpentine stream has attained the proportions of the Kentucky river at Frankfort. Both cities have branch railroads; accommodation trains that don't accommodate; and both were reached in the night by this itinerant troupe, after long, long, weary waits at junctions.

We left Aberdeen Friday night at 10:30, with a gentle rain falling; her electric lights gleaming with their usual incandescent sputter; and the four artists, each under its octagonal "kiosk" pouring their patient streams in ceaseless flow from their copper spouts. And we left more than these. Dear friends whom we shall love to think of wherever we wander, and be glad to come back to, whenever the LORD shall open the way of return.

Eight miles of bumpy running brought us to dreadful Muldon Junction, where the M. & O. night express took us up, in a crowded car, our irruption disturbing the comfort of sundry passengers who had taken whole seats and were curled up for the night. They glared with sleepy, blood-shot eyes at us, as they suddenly made room; but there was no help for it. They had only paid for one seat and were not entitled to two. Whatever compunctions in awakening them stirred the modest Troupe Evangelique were not shared by that other troupe, the "Ranch King," which came over from Aberdeen with us, and with their band instruments and multitudinous parcels, aggravated the situation no little. We all, who have traveled at night, know the feelings with which we regard that party whose room is so much better than their company; coming in from a way station; a chilling stream of cold, outer air clinging to them; glancing inquiringly at that other seat which we have appropriated by an act of "quatter sovereignty" that will not hold good when the test comes; and do we not all know that sinking of heart when the inexorable question, "Anybody in this seat, sir?" compels us to lie outright or move? Dreadful alternative! The soul suffers or the body. But in either case the agony is acute, if one is very, very sleepy. The unfeeling wretch who usurps the place where your feet repose and compelled a readjustment of your parcels and bundles, sits in apparently mild oblivion of the discomfort he has caused; and you catch what few uneasy naps are yet vouchsafed you, in a bolt upright, head-bobbing position—the reverse of easy or dignified.

At Artesia, 20 miles down the M. & O., we leave that road and wait an hour and a half for the north-bound train and Southern mails. Our accommodation stands 100 yards away on a "Y" track, to which we make our way in the darkness over intersecting rails, heaps of refuse and an occasional puddle of water. The locomotive is gently simmering in front of two untidy cars, waiting for its turn to come to dash away into the midnight darkness, its unassuming purr exchanged for the lion roar that even now but slumbers within its lungs of iron. We climb, with mighty effort, upon the platform, from a slippery incline of cinders, hurling our hand-bags before us, and finding ourselves after our scramble in an uninviting old rattlertrap, that no decent railway company ought to ask passengers to ride in; with an inexorable brakeman, who fires up his stove to furnace heat; and general surroundings of the most doleful character. A little sleep is caught "on the fly," by the wearied girls, at this point; while the old folks wait arrival at Columbus before attempting alumber. Our trials close with 3 o'clock A. M. in comfortable rooms at the Coleman House, which happily, I had telegraphed for before leaving Aberdeen. It is not of ten we have to travel at night, except on a sleeper, and it goes hardly with us. I feel such a night of disturbance for several days after. For, with all our mutations, we lead wonderfully regular lives in the matter of sleeping and eating; and a sudden, violent change quite upsets our whole party.

We came uninvited to Columbus. I have long wished to visit it and being within 20 miles, the temptation was irresistible, so we turned our heads hitherward. But this dumping down unexpectedly on a place certainly has its disadvantages. However, I called on the sheriff, got the court-house, advertised in one of the local papers, had 1,000 "dodgers" struck off announcing our arrival and then awaited the outcome, having no upbraidings of neglected duty to harass me. The first meeting was appointed for 3 P. M. Sunday.

Sunday morning we had the great pleasure of hearing another sermon from Bishop Thompson. It was, like the other, a good one. Strictly first-class. He showed, in his own eloquent way, how slowly men were progressing, even in an approximate way, toward the perfect standard set us by our Savior, in the Sermon on the Mount; and if he had only brought out clearly that

this was not the LORD'S plan, but a gradual recovery from the work of a destroyer, his sermon would have been, in my judgment, far more impressive than it already was. This is the real crucial test between the true and false "development" theory. Facts are agreed upon by both sides. It is only where explanation begins that divergence takes its start. To say that the slow processes of righting wrong are the everlastingly foreordained plans of our Almighty and Allwise God, is, to me, simple slander, akin to blasphemy. To assert that "first the blade, then the ear, then the corn" in the ear" are, God's wisdom, unhindered, working at its best, is to degrade the proper conception of the Almighty. But regarded as the best He can do, with a devil's power and man's will in combined opposition, it is pathetically and hopefully beautiful and appropriate.

So the true theory of scriptural development is not God-beginning, of choice, with weakness and meanness and immaturity and raising all by slow and gradual steps to strength and grandeur and perfection; but the good God taking in hand a bad devil's ruin and restoring it, as faith slowly gives Him the warrant and power for effecting it. The first is linked with scientific scepticism. The latter is the outcome of a loyal faith in God and His holy scriptures.

But the good Bishop's practical points were splendid. So full of encouragement to press on and not be disheartened by apparent or even real failure. Again, as in a former discourse, he didn't seem to be aware where his doctrine logically landed him. And as he eloquently pointed out how—he who begins a good work will certainly finish it; and that the Sermon on the Mount was bound to be something more than an unreal ideal, in, perhaps, the near future, I thought of the blessed time when "all enemies" should be subdued; death abolished; and the kingdom, cleansed of every defiling element, should be delivered up by the son to the Father and God be all in all. No half way work; no death from which our God cannot bring a resurrection; no halting, with a doubtful victory and hell claiming more souls than heaven. Bishop T. didn't say this; perhaps did not see it. But I did and do, Praise the LORD.

Columbus is the handsomest city in Mississippi. All agree to this. The prettiest in the South, many assert. I can well believe it after five days' sojourn and a critical inspection "in and about." Broad streets, nicely gravelled, furnishing many miles of beautiful driving; houses built in exquisite taste and not confined to a particular locality, contrasting with the equal or the less favored portions, but scattered all over the place in equitable distribution, giving the pleasing impression that a general prosperity pervades the pretty city. And the mansions of "before the war" alternate with the post bellum villas, in due proportion and most agreeable variety, the new rebutting the charge of "antiquated," and the old redeeming from the slur of poverty while a neatness, almost New England, reigns in the general make-up of private premises. Shade trees line the streets; elm and water oak; magnolias in the greatest profusion adorn front lawns; and showy equipages, handsome open carriages, drawn by pampered and spirited horses, adorned with female beauty, elegantly dressed, carries us back to the days of wealth and prosperity, before "grim-visaged war" frowned upon a blighted, blasted South. Very few places yet put on "style" like Columbus, for the life and death struggle for "meat and bread" has been too recent; but here and there, the signs that the dreary conflict is over, and a spirited people are getting the better of misfortune, multiply apace. It will not be long before the entire

Land of cotton, "Simmon seed and sand to bed bottom," will flourish like a "green bay tree, planted besides the river of waters" and her prosperous millions will be able to lift their heads with the proudest and wealthiest.

Columbus has the astounding distinction of being the only place in the South where the "stars and stripes" did not wave in victory, sometime or other, during the civil strife. It was a store house of every supply and a great object of hungry desire on the part of the Yankees; while the South defended it with a desperate valor that hurled back every daring charge upon its concentrated treasures. The Federal troops never got nearer than 20 miles of the coveted spot. Aberdeen was occupied, but there they were halted. The Columbus folks are a little proud of this, I think.

The pet of the place is the new Industrial College, which the city won by a munificent gift of 20 acres and \$50,000. It is certainly a noble institution, worthy of the beautiful city where it is located. It is a State affair, kept up by an annual grant of about \$30,000; has superb buildings, costing \$100,000, perfectly appointed; educates 400 girls gratis, not only after a high collegiate standard, but in any industrial calling they may choose; either with a view to an immediate, independent support, or the possibility that may arise at any future time in life, through sudden adversity, or individual choice. The girls wear a blue uniform and make an attractive show as they go out for daily walks. Numbers are awaiting vacancies, ready to step in, and the applications far exceed the capacities of the dormitories and class-rooms. It is a stately edifice of dark red brick, with a sonorous clock in its imposing tower and grounds and building in perfect keeping. The girls come from the various counties by a strict rule of proportion, regulated according to a census of the eligible female children. I wonder that such institutions are not scattered, broadcast, over every State in the Union.

The Tombigbee is spanned by a handsome iron trestle draw-bridge, at the bottom of the main street, the road beyond going to Macon, the county seat of Noxubee, the adjoining southern county.

Sunday afternoon we had a court-room full, in spite of rain. At night, with Stygian darkness against us, the other churches all open, and the special attraction of Bishop Thompson at the P. E. church, we had a house full. Monday night, the day having been gloriously clear, the room was jammed; with gallery nearly filled with colored folk and interest as intense as any place yet visited. The dear LORD certainly sent us here; especially for the benefit of that everywhere fast increasing class who never darken a church door, but who are glad to find that the warmest of welcomes awaits them in the "palace of the King," from the dear God who loves us all, all the time, and never will do anything else. Praise His dear Name forever.

We think of staying in this promising field till Monday, 19th; then run down to dear old Kosciusko for two or three days and on to McComb City for Christmas with Cousin Heber and Mary and Hugh, with our own dear boy, the Deacon of Hammond, thrown in to make "merry," as merry. All D. V.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

BRODHEAD, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Madame Rumor says we will have a wedding to report before the holidays are over.

—Prof. O. Bowers is teaching a singing class at Saver's School House, about four miles from here.

—The vocal class at this place, taught by Miss Carson, has 50 names enrolled and is making rapid progress.

—Three candidates were initiated by the Brodhead Lodge, I. O. G. T., on last Saturday evening. There are two more to be initiated next meeting, 17th.

—Mr. John Melvin, of Lily, made a flying visit to our village this week. Miss Neville Carson has returned from a short business visit to Crab Orchard.

—The ladies of the Baptist church at this place will on the evening of the 26th inst. give a lunch party for the benefit of their church. A good time generally is expected and the public is cordially invited to attend.

—Mrs. Martha Albright, of Bee Luck, was here last week soliciting means for building a Baptist church in the vicinity of her house. As she is a good and worthy woman working in a good cause, we hope her efforts will be crowned with success.

—W. C. Pryor, of Maresburg, is moving to this place and will enter school here in a few days. His wife, Mrs. Lizzie Pryor, will on the 16th inst. start to Vandalia, Ill., where she expects to spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McDuff Ward.

Away with the "bloody shirt!" There is still too much effort to keep alive sectional hatred in this grand country of ours. There are men and politicians who seem to regard it treasonable for our Southern States to honor those who were their leaders during the war, either living or dead. But our friends of the South would not be men if they did not esteem their gold leaders.

The war is long since past; both sides believed they were right in that conflict; the South was convinced of its error by force of arms and history does not record an instance in which a conquered people have more cheerfully accepted the arbitrament of war. To-day the United States has really no North, no South, no East, no West, so indicative is the relationship existing between the industry, commerce and agriculture of the various sections. Let us keep our faces to the front and unitedly work together to fulfill the destiny which lies before American citizenship. Let us be good citizens rather than bad politicians.—[Farm and Home, Springfield, Mass.]

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has prepared and will lay before Congress a bill providing for the licensing of railway conductors and engineers, and prohibiting all railroads from employing any person to serve as a conductor or engineer unless he is licensed, as provided in the act. It provides for examiners, who shall inquire into the character, habits of life and qualifications, mental and physical, of all applicants before licensing them as conductors and engineers. The system has long been in use in regard to the engineers and pilots in water transportation.

A young couple were married the other day at Presque Isle and received a good many gifts appropriate to the occasion. The "Saw man," who has evidently attended the "hoes trote" the past season, concludes his notice thus: "The happy couple have got a first rate 'seed off' and we trust they may jog around life's course together without a break and come in all right at the home stretch."

—Capt. Sam Roberts, a well-known Ohio River man, is dead.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—A telegraph office has been opened at Lily, Laurel county.

—Everything quiet on Brush Creek at this writing, but don't know how long it will remain so.

—There are eight distinct families named Adams living in this county neither being related to the other.

—Adam Catron, of Level Green, has sold his farm to D. O. Gibson for \$2,000 and will move to Somerset.

—A good crowd was in town Monday and Tuesday to attend the examining trials. Everybody sober and quiet.

—Miss Georgia Brown is at Lexington to attend the Soodgrass-Pemberton nuptials which takes place on the 15th inst.

—David Henderson has a six days' old calf born without eyes. It is not otherwise deformed, but is as sprightly as ordinary calves are.

—The examining trial of Thomas Rose for shooting A. Q. Baker, at Conway last week, who died Sunday evening of his wounds, was held Tuesday and resulted in his being held without bail.

—Drs. Lyvell and Davis, assisted by Drs. Benton and Jennings amputated the wounded leg of Frank Harlow, who was so badly shot on Brush creek last week. The physicians say there is but little chance of his recovery.

—Susie, a 12 year old daughter of Mrs. D. Owens, near Pine Hill, fell while playing ball at school, Tuesday last, and broke her leg just above the ankle. A physician reset the broken member and the little sufferer is getting along very well. She with some playmates were throwing up the ball and seeing who could catch it, when she ran against one of them and fell.

—The preliminary trial of Wallace Laswell, charged with the murder of Granville Adams began Monday and ended Tuesday morning. The evidence went to show that Laswell had gone to the church where Adams was, but did not enter, but went down the road and came back through a railroad cut meeting Adams and opened fire on him. Laswell claimed and testified that Adams had out his pistol first, but did not fire. Adams' pistol was found on his breast with all the loads intact. Laswell was admitted to bail in the sum of \$500 which he gave and was released.

Four prisoners were brought to the penitentiary at Frankfort yesterday from Letcher county, accompanied by a sheriff and six guards, the cost to the State being the sum of \$453. For the year ending June 30, 1887, the cost of guarding and transporting prisoners from Jefferson county to Frankfort was \$3718 50, there being an average of 12 prisoners a month convicted and sent there. Letcher county, with only two terms of the Circuit Court each year, at which there is an average of three convictions at each term or six per year, cost the state for the same period \$2,039 75. Jefferson county averages a cost per prisoner of \$30, which is two much, while Letcher averages nearly \$349 for each prisoner, which is next door to grand larceny. The total cost of the State for the year ending June 30 was \$26,000 for the mere getting her convicts into the penitentiary. The Legislature will look into the matter this winter.—[Courier Journal.]

—A woman is on trial at Boston for murdering her three children.

—On Thursday Mrs. James Smith, of Rockport, Ga., gave birth to twin boys O. Friday Mrs. William Smith presented her husband with a boy and a girl, and Monday Mrs. George Smith, the wife of the third brother, gave birth to three daughters. How is that for peopling the world?

—W. H. Grinter, a well known stock man of Munice, Kas., and W. H. Paqua, of Fort Scott, were members of two hunting parties which met in Ozark County, Mo. Paqua mistook Grinter for a turkey and fired at him, striking him in the head. Grinter thought that the shot was intentional and returned the fire, killing Paqua instantly and then fell dead himself.

There was a revival in a Western town some time ago. The movement was led by a Baptist minister, but the other churches united in the matter and many converts were made. Some of the converts, while they wanted to join other churches, believed that immersion was the proper thing, and it was a knotty point to arrange. The Baptist minister was the only one who understood the immersion question, and to maintain the converts the other pastors appealed to him to immerse his own and their converts together. The Baptist minister looked at them. "My brethren," he said, "I will attend to my own flock, but when it comes to taking in washing I must draw the line."

The Berkshire male crossed on the Poland China sow is the popular general purpose hog in Wisconsin. This hog has a good frame, but it is not excessive, and no more than is necessary to support a good body. Such a hog will lay on flesh much more rapidly than the larger breeds. They do not like the Duroc or Jersey Red in that State.

A lady living in Rappahannock county, Virginia, had twelve stands of bees, which were very valuable until a distillery was started in the neighborhood. Since it was started, however, the bees pay frequent visits to the still, get drunk, and are of little profit.

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Which they will sell you at remarkably low prices. They have succeeded even beyond their expectations since they took the business in April last and feel like thanking each and every one of their customers, and what is better, sell them goods lower than ever before. Remember the place, corner Main and Depot streets. Respectfully, HOCKER & BRIGHT.

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The SEMI-WEEKLY Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

W. P. WALTON, Pro'r.

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JOB WORK

—OF ALL CLASSES—

Neatly and Cheaply Executed.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

And thou hast come at last,
Thou balmy issue of the buried years—
Sad fruitage of the past,
Rooted in a loam of hopes and fears;
I had thee, but I hate thee, lurking there,
Thou first gray hair!

Thou soft and silken coil,
Thou milk white blossom in a midnight tress!
Out from the alien soil
I'll pluck thee in thine infant tenderness,
As the rule husbandman uproots the tare,
Thou first gray hair!

Of all the fleecy flock
Thou art the one to loathe and to despise:
The cheat within the flock,
The mold that on the early harvest lies,
The mildew on the blossoms of the pear—
Thou first gray hair!

And thou, the Judas art,
The traitor of Old Time, who doth betray
The weary, worn out heart,
Ere yet we dare to dream of decay;
Thou art a hint of wreck beyond repair,
Thou first gray hair!

—Jas. Newton Matthews.

A MEXICAN BANDIT.

Mr. Edgar Wood had 2,000 silver dollars in ten dollar rolls nicely packed in a valise with a few toilet articles, and \$12,000 in bank notes and bills of exchange snugly sewed into a thin belt worn about his person. In an outside belt, elegantly embroidered, he wore a superbly jeweled revolver, warranted to be useful as a weapon at long range, in the hand of a self collected man resting under safe shelter.

As to other personal furniture, his comfortable figure was adorned with a fine gold watch, possessing a national reputation for beauty and value throughout the republic of Mexico, and a hat covered with gold lace and bangles that made it the envy of all the beaux in town.

Under these conditions Mr. Edgar Wood entered the ten mile stage that stood in the patio of the Hotel Turbide, for a trip down the country to pay off 3,000 laborers a month's wages.

The stage started. The wealthy contractor was alone that morning. "This month," he considered, "will cost me \$20,000, for which outlay the government pays me \$100,000, which is \$80,000 clear gain. In two more I shall be in good trim, and then I shall ask old Juarez for Ensenada. I think my admirer last night when I said my adieu." And he looked at his pistol, his fine watch and elegant hat, and a rifle ball whistled through the coach window, followed by a command of "Pararse!" (halt).

There is no discussing such an order given under such circumstances.

It was not possible for Mr. Wood to say just how he looked, but he felt very pale, when a pleasant, gentlemanly voice at the window inquired, "Have I the honor of addressing Senor Edgar Wood?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Ah, Don Edgar, I am so sorry to have to molest you in your journey, but won't you do me the favor to alight for a moment?" Now, if there was one quality on which that gentleman prided himself more than on another, it was the superiority of his manners. He was known as the polite American of Mexico, and so, when addressed a simple request in such courteous terms, he was fain to comply.

He therefore alighted, and tried to do so promptly, but his motions were not so graceful as usual; there seemed a tremulous excitement, almost a stagger, in his movements, when he looked about him.

Four men, armed with culasses, rifles and revolvers, stood ready to receive him. The upper half of each face was covered with a black mask. They were evidently natives, save one—whose head, broader than the others at the temples, and ruddy face below the mask, ending in a thin, frosty, tow colored goatee—seemed to indicate an Englishman. Mr. Wood, noting him carefully, thought he had seen him before, but failed in any attempt to place him.

"Senor Wood," said the spokesman, advancing, "I am pleased to greet you, and regret that you are not able to reciprocate the cordial sentiments I entertain for you. I must say, Amiguito, you wear a charming hat, and such things are so common to you that I am sure there will be no objection to an examination of it. See what a poor thing I wear, and so unsuited to my years and position in society! It fits well, too. And also, Senor Wood, you are said to possess an excellent watch; that, sir, would be an extremely convenient article to have in my profession, that I may be prompt in meeting the stage, and thus avoid tiresome waiting. I will accept it, with your permission."

Mr. Wood was rapidly learning to adapt himself to circumstances. He knew he must submit to being stripped, so, handing over the watch with the best grace possible, he said, with a smile and a bow, "May I present you with a pistol, as good as there is in the republic, except your own?"

"Ah, senor, now you flatter me; I accept it in your name, Amiguito. And also, senor, I admire your coat; let us exchange. Your trousers, too, will fit me nicely, and your boots, even if a little large, will be better than these. Have the goodness to be seated on my old coat, and we will assist you in removing them, we are experienced valets."

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood now, you would have thought he was engaged in a frolic. He used to say, in telling this story, that he felt all through the performance as if he were being joked by a friend.

"And now," continued the ladron, "we will trouble you, Senor Wood, to pass out your valise, if you will be so obliging."

Mr. Wood hesitated for the first time, and looked around, but there was no mercy; the muzzles of three pieces looked into his eyes, while he replied, "Very well, gentlemen, if you insist." He handed out the heavy valise, which was taken aside by the Mexicans, while the English looking thief kept guard at the stage door. When the precious cargo was removed to a short distance from its owner, the sentinel muttered to him in English, "If you give me \$2,000, unseen, from your belt, you can have the rest; otherwise, I'll fix every dollar you've got."

Mr. Wood felt sure he had somewhere seen the face, of which the mouth and chin were exposed, but if he suspected the truth, he kept it to himself, and quietly handed over the money to the man.

In a few minutes the nearly empty valise was returned, and the party bade the traveler adieu, and wished him a safe journey. In his disagreeable fix he could only ride till he met the return stage, and go with it to the capital, under the shelter of a shawl lent him by a sympathetic lady among the passengers, with whom, at noon, he entered the patio, from which he had so exultingly sallied in the early morning. The idle populace, as usual, rushed in with the stage, and witnessed the discomfiture of the American, as he darted across the pavement to the nearest entrance of the hotel and made his way to his room.

beard, nor could Wood recall that he had ever seen him adorned with that symptom of manhood. It was impossible that he should be a ladron—his position in the bank, his easy, self possessed manner, not brazen, but natural and innocent. No, it was a mistake. The next day, there being several Mexican merchants to start for Vera Cruz, Mr. Henry Yorke, of Wood & Co., was dispatched with them in the morning stage. He went well armed, and had the name of being a fighting man. But as yet no crowd of Mexican passengers has frightened a band of robbers from their enterprise, and so, at sunrise, Yorke discovered two small squads of horsemen bearing down on the stage from opposite directions.

"There are six of them," he said, "and we are nine men, with only one woman. Are we to fight, gentlemen, or shall we surrender?"

"Mexicans never surrender," cried one of them. "We will fight to the last drop of blood."

"Yes, always," answered the other eight. "I shall be killed; oh, I shall be killed!" shrieked the frightened woman.

"We shall defend you, senora," they declared. The horsemen drew near. All were masked and armed. One party passed the coach, wheeled and instantly returned. Meanwhile Yorke sprang from the stage, which had stopped, and calling to his fellow passengers to join him, fired his rifle at the nearest of the gang and killed him. He then began discharging his revolver as they closed in on him, and looking about for his companions, discovered them all in their seats, pallid spectators of his recklessness. In another instant a pistol ball struck him down.

Evidently the ladrones had only contempt for the Mexican passengers, for they rode directly forward to the fallen American, whose body they mercilessly hacked to pieces with their sabers, for a warning to all who resisted their robberies.

The entire treasure of Wood & Co. was taken from the person of Yorke and his valise, and the passengers, the lady not excepted, were robbed of every article they possessed, even to their outer clothing. When the ladrones left their captain opened an embroidered jacket, revealing the form of a woman, and cried out with a sneer, "You are men. Adios!"

When the stage, returning, entered the patio of the Hotel Turbide with the body of Mr. Yorke, it was met by Wood, to whom the lady passenger declared that his partner had been killed by an Englishman of the band, whose lower face was ruddy, narrow and thin, ending in a little shadowy beard; that he had reached into the coach and shot Yorke in the back, through the open doorway of the opposite side, as he was firing rapidly at the gang, and that as he withdrew his head his beard dropped from his chin and she had secured it.

At 10 o'clock that morning he went to the English bank with the woman, and presented a check for payment. As the teller laid down the money he saw the little wad of beard on the counter, picked it up, and, looking at it curiously, said, "What is this?" At the same moment, Mr. Wood discovered that his companion trembled violently and was becoming alarmingly pale, and lost no time in leaving the bank.

The woman was sure of the identity of the man, and would listen to no possibility of her mistake. As for Mr. Edgar Wood, he was confounded; but he did the only thing, and set an English detective on the track of Mr. Carlos Watfils, the teller of the English bank of Mexico.

The next payment went to the line in charge of a paymaster and a mounted guard, of whom the chief was one of the most successful ladrones of Mexico; he gave safe conduct to the treasure, for which he was well paid.

Two months passed. No outward sign indicated any depravity on the part of Mr. Watfils. He lived modestly, and seemed a retiring, rather studious man. His sole distraction was his horseback ride each morning and night.

The time had come for another payment to the men of the contractor, and again Wood determined to go in person with the money, and by stage. This time he selected a day when a fair complement of Mexican men, having commercial relations with Vera Cruz, would travel, and went accompanied also by two Americans, armed with rifles and revolvers.

The English detective, with a companion, both well armed, rode out in the same direction a half hour after the stage left. The road had not been so infested of late, but the Americans understood the danger to which they were exposed in the transportation of treasure, and made their disposition accordingly. Mr. Wood and one companion occupied the front seat of the coach, looking to the rear; the third man of the party sat with the driver, being a crack shot with a Winchester rifle.

When they stopped for coffee, at 8 o'clock, no one had appeared to molest the stage, or create suspicion. As they left the little inn the detective appeared in sight, but the stage made no delay, and the party were again on their way.

Suddenly the inside passengers detected the effort of the driver to stop his cumbersome team, and heard the voice of the American by his side shout to him, "If you stop, I'll kill you, drive on and drive hard." Then a rifle shot, and another shout as he passed, and his rifle, and called for a fresh one, which he received at once.

Mr. Wood and his companions, looking from the coach, saw they were pursued by eight horsemen, who were not now within 200 yards at the rear. Learning from the coach window he cried out to the driver, "If those fellows catch you you are a dead man!" The threat told wonderfully on the speed of the team.

Meanwhile the land approached, and the three Americans fired together, throwing the ladrones into confusion and forcing a halt; but they rallied at once, and six horsemen of the eight were drawing near when the driver's companion by another shot brought a man to the ground. At this moment the detective and his guard appeared in the rear of the band, and Mr. Wood ordered the driver to slow down. The robbers discovered the trick, for turning, they saw the reinforcement in their rear, and lost no time leaving the road and making off across the valley toward the mountains.

The stage met no further adventure, and Mr. Wood was able to return to Mexico in a week. The afternoon of his arrival he accompanied the English Bank manager and the detective to the hospital at Guadalupe, and found there, to the surprise of the manager, the teller, Mr. Carlos Watfils, suffering from a shattered leg.

CROCIFISSA'S LACE.

High up among the Tuscan mountains, not far from the borders of Lombardy, is a tiny hamlet called Platice. It has a church, and the few strangers who visit the quiet little nook and enter the humble sanctuary wonder at the handsome lace decorating the Madonna's blue silk petticoat. All the rest of the ornamentation is so tawdry and poor that the delicate fabric looks strangely out of place. How came it there? is a question the old woman who unlocks the door is proud to answer.

Amy and I had put up for the hottest summer weeks at the barn like old post inn at Platice. Often during our walks through the chestnut woods, or up the steep paths of the mountainside, we met a tall, slim girl of 18, with strikingly beautiful dark eyes, which haunted us by reason of their extreme sadness. She wore a skimp gown of homespun, its original color a matter of conjecture only; her well modeled feet were bare, and she was usually in charge of seven sheep and one little black lamb. Sometimes we saw her sitting under a tree knitting an interminable blue stocking—for other feet than her own, evidently—while the sheep grazed. Or, in the open field, in the pouring rain, this ghost like girl would sit on the soaking ground, huddled under an old green umbrella—this to restrain a neighbor's cow, getting her supper of grass, from invading an adjacent cabbage patch. The girl always gave us a gracious "good day" as she passed, and seemed pleased when Amy smiled at her in return.

"Who is she?" we inquired of the mistress of our inn.

"You mean the girl who drives the sheep with a lame black lamb among them?" answered our hostess. "That is Crocifissa, poor girl, the convict's daughter. Hers is a hard lot among a little community where none live on roses, I assure you. Her father, Sandro, has a bad history, and the shadow of it darkens the girl's life."

"Oh, tell it," cried Amy, dropping down upon a stool beside the comfortable looking old dame.

"It is soon told, signora; the story of most sins is short; it is the misery of them that drags on so wearily. When Sandro was young he killed a man in a passion of jealousy—a woman at the bottom of the affair, of course—stabbed him from behind in the dark, and threw him down into the Lima to drown if he would. They were a year or more fastening the murder upon Sandro, but he confessed it at last over a glass too many of Chianti. He was sentenced for twenty years to prison and hard labor. When his time was out, strangely enough, he chose to come back here to Platice; and, stranger still, he found a woman foolish enough to marry him, knowing all about his crime. This poor, weak thing died when Crocifissa was born, and the child's life has been so wretched it seems a pity she did not die, too."

"Are they so very poor?"

"Miserably; and because of the father's disgrace everybody shuns the daughter. Cruel, isn't it? But that is the way of the world. I should make one exception when I say every one turns the cold shoulder upon her. Perhaps the saddest part of Crocifissa's history is that she has a lover whom she can scarcely ever hope to marry."

"Is he so poor, too?"

"Dio mio! yes. His name is Remo, a very good fellow, but no luck. He makes a little money with his donkey, carrying fruit and vegetables to the hotel at Abetone, but he has a blind old mother to help, and he can save nothing. Crocifissa earns a few francs spinning and knitting stockings, and the profits from the sheep put a scanty supply of bread in the mouths of the convict and his daughter, and keep a crazy roof over their heads. Crocifissa can make beautiful lace, but she hurts her eyes at it, and a doctor told her she would go blind if she made any more."

"She has such lovely eyes!" said Amy, enthusiastically.

"Yes; with a bit of happiness to brighten her she would be the prettiest girl in these parts. As it is, her good looks are little use, poor thing!"

"Can't Remo hit upon a more paying business than donkey driving?" I asked.

"He wishes to go down to the Maremma, where he would get good wages and be able to put by a little, but Crocifissa will not hear of it. She is right, I think, for Remo is not strong, and the marsh fever would be sure to carry him off. Few people have been kind to the girl, and no dog ever loved his master as Crocifissa loves Remo."

"Poor girl! what a pity they cannot make each other happy!"

"If they had a little capital, 200 or 300 francs, to hire and furnish a room, they could manage to live; but 100 franc pieces do not fall from the clouds."

Life at Platice being dull and bare of incident, we felt much interested in Crocifissa's story, and cultivated her acquaintance upon every occasion. She gave us flowers and berries gathered in pretty little baskets improvised by herself from chestnut leaves, and with her eyes bent shyly on her knitting, talked to us of her simple, uneventful life. When Remo, her lover, was under discussion, which was frequently the case, Crocifissa's large eyes glowed with a soft, happy light, and she became beautiful. But the brightness vanished again quickly at memory of the sordid misery encompassing them both.

How we longed to be able to give the poor girl the paltry sum which would change her dull surroundings into a paradise.

One day, while she sat sketching on the brow of the hill, Crocifissa timidly approached us, carrying a small package under her arm. This she unwrapped, disclosing about four yards of unusually beautiful lace, six inches or more wide. I was not much of a connoisseur in such things, but I could recognize the unusual merit of this piece.

"Why, Crocifissa!" I exclaimed, "where did you get such a prize?"

"I made it," she answered, modestly, "at the Convent of La Speranza, where I waited on the nuns for five or six years. They taught me to make it, but I can't see to do any more."

"But, child, why don't you sell this lace? It would help you a long step toward buying furniture and marrying Remo."

"Alas, signora, I have often tried, but nobody will buy it. The nuns say it is worth a great deal of money, perhaps fifty francs; but I shall never find any one willing to give that sum, and I would let it go for much less."

She, of course, wished us to make some loan offer for the lace, but I knew it would be a great wrong to the girl to allow her to sacrifice her work for a trifle, and I assured her of this. Because we could not afford to pay a fair price, we had no right to profit by the poor child's ignorance.

"The nuns would offer up special prayers for me if I gave it to the convent," continued Crocifissa; "but prayers will not buy furniture—at least they have not so far."

"Don't despair of your prayers yet," said Amy; then to me, in English: "There is Mrs. Webster, the rich American lady at San Marcello; you know she is mad over bric-a-brac, antiques and lace—especially lace. She has heaps of money, and I believe she would buy this lace if she saw it."

and so eager were we to try if the sale might not be brought about that we returned at once to call our hostess into consultation. The result of this interview was, that the next day Crocifissa was dispatched to San Marcello with her lace, and a note to the landlord of the hotel where Mrs. Webster was staying. In three hours Crocifissa returned, jubilant, because the landlord had promised to show the lace to all the guests in his house likely to be interested in such things.

We scarcely dared to break to Crocifissa the good news that came three days later. Mrs. Webster had fallen in love with the lace, as Amy had predicted, and at the landlord's suggestion had promised to pay 250 francs for the piece on her departure, a month later. In the meantime it might remain upon exhibition behind the glass doors of the padrone's cabinet of curiosities. It made one feel young and happy again to see the bliss of Crocifissa and Remo. The latter was presented to us, and the good fellow seemed ready to risk his life to serve us.

The fortune of the betrothed couple being now secured, negotiations were entered upon for the desired outfit of clothes and the necessary furniture. A charming pair of rooms, in Crocifissa's eyes, were bespoken, at the back of the carpenter's house, and the wedding day was set early in October. All was going merry as the anticipated marriage bells, when the day arrived for Crocifissa to go to San Marcello and receive her money.

On her first visit she had seen only the padrone, and was about to be given the price of her lace and dismissed at once by him, when, on second thought, he decided to detain her.

"You had better go and thank the lady for her kindness, yourself," he said; "it looks more civil."

Crocifissa was shown into Mrs. Webster's room, a marvel of ornamentation from all parts of the globe, and of various centuries more or less authentic. Mrs. Webster had, as Amy had maintained, an idolatrous fondness for all things antique; a hideous jug with a crack upon its dirt ingrained sides was lovelier in her eyes than the most skillfully worked vase of modern times. She willingly paid fabulous prices for rubbish of a bygone day, but was implacable if she detected fraud in the dates of apparently antique treasures.

In very bad Italian, she addressed Crocifissa, who, not understanding, replied in a few words, which the elder lady also failed to catch. The interview being rather a trying one for both parties, Mrs. Webster was about to end it by dismissing Crocifissa, when the girl's next words, understood this time, alas! all too plainly, riveted her attention.

"What did you say?" she exclaimed, a spark of something like anger glowing in her eyes.

"If the signora would like some narrow lace of the same pattern, I would try to make it. My eyes are better now than when I did that wide piece," repeated Crocifissa.

"Do you mean to say that you made this piece of lace?" said Mrs. Webster, with suppressed rage.

"Yes, signora, why not?"

Crocifissa regarded the now infuriated lady with blank amazement; she had expected praise for her handiwork, instead of those flaming eyes bent angrily upon her.

Mrs. Webster rang the bell with sharp violence, and demanded the instant presence of the padrone. "How dare you," she cried, as he appeared, "try to cheat me so outrageously?"

The padrone, mystified as was Crocifissa at the lady's excitement, stared at her in helpless silence. Presently he found voice enough to falter, "I do not understand; will the signora please to explain?"

"You finished rascal, you know very well what I mean! You showed me this lace, letting me believe it was old, and now this girl—she is innocent enough—confesses that she made it herself. What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"Dio mio! Why—I thought—but it is old, signora—behold, it is quite dirty. I feared the signora would desire a fresher piece, and my heart was light when she seemed to wish to have it old. The signora did not mention how old it must be, hence this misunderstanding, which I regret deeply."

If occasionally tempted into falsehood, like the most of his kind, the padrone on this occasion spoke the truth. He was a simple fellow, ignorant of the craze of the elegant world for antiques; he had not troubled himself to inquire the history of Crocifissa's lace, but had satisfied his conscience by asking its value of an old woman of the village, an authority in such matters.

But the irate Mrs. Webster was not to be appeased. The padrone had tried to cheat her as egregiously as any hardened rogue in the lowest of junk shops. "Here," to Crocifissa, "take your lace; I have changed my mind, and will not have it; and she tossed the dainty work into a basket on the girl's arm."

"But, signora!" cried the poor child, bursting into tears, and extending both hands imploringly.

"Leave the room at once, both of you!" said Mrs. Webster, callously. "I cannot have a scene here. The way of the transgressor is hard, you know, and you must take the consequences of your evil deeds."

Poor Crocifissa! how she retraced her tired steps to Platice, empty handed, with the unlucky lace in her basket, she never knew. The situation was really deplorable—all the difficulties of their humble housekeeping almost in their possession, the rooms engaged, and not a franc to pay for anything. The little community was loud in its expressions of rage at the inhuman woman who had so deceived Crocifissa, but this mended matters not at all.

A day or two later Remo sought us out, despair on his handsome face. Crocifissa was ill, of grief only, but so low and miserable that Remo feared the worst. The poor girl was really in a pitiable state, and after our visit to the hotel where she lived Amy and I declared we would not see another sunset before we had tried to set on foot some project that might benefit the unhappy child.

There were crowds of strangers at the hotel at Abetone; why should they not know of the sad little romance at Platice? With the assistance of our kind hostess the affair was made public, and we arranged a lottery by which to dispose of Crocifissa's lace.

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Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

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H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

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VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1887.

NO. 290.

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ONLY THREE WEEKS MORE OF BUTCHERING PRICES

Then you will feel sorry that you are too late, that you have waited too long. I repeat it again, that on account of a change in my business, the goods will and must be sold. Not a piece will be reserved; all will go AT AND BELOW COST; but CASH, only CASH, will capture these bargains. Positively no credit during this butchering sale. Be sure and do not miss this the greatest of money saving chances ever offered here. **D. KLASS,**

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name on a package of COFFEE is a guarantee of excellence.

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Written for the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

SMILE.

Smile when the rosy morning glows,
Smile when the noontide sun shineth,
Smile when at eventide evening's close
The redd'ning sun declines,
In all thy divers acts and rounds,
In bright or gloomy weather,
Smile and dispel the tears and frowns,
That o'er thy face would gather.

True, life is full of ills and cares,
And troubles perplex us,
Misadventures, trials, empty airs,
Like insects sharp to vex us,
But mind them not, old age will bring,
Enough for grief and sorrow;
Smile and be glad to-day, thy wing
May fan no blue to-morrow.

There was a time in years ago
When men were dark and serious,
And he who walked in gloom and scorn,
Was noble and imperious;
But now the heart that gladdens life,
Than path of Northern armor;
Gels all the homage and the gifts
This big world has to scatter.

'Tis said the smiles of Egypt's queen,
Great Anthony's fair charmer,
Did more to conquer Roman men
Than path of Northern armor;
Thou, too, with the same weapons may
Subdue each bosom's armor,
And dash o'er earth a cheering ray
To make its creatures gladder.

ROBT. L. DAVIS.
Oak Orchard, Ky.

KIND WORDS.

THE STANFORD INTERIOR JOURNAL tries the merits of its new Cottrell press in a mammoth eight page edition, which it issued last Friday. The paper was a paragon of beauty and a "joy forever," as it always is, bearing the impress in every corner of the editor's remarkable newspaper genius. It's a cold day when Walton don't turn all his brethren of the country press down in a heap for enterprise and general "get-there" points of excellence. — [Lebanon Enterprise.]

EDITOR WALTON, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, has provided his office with new presses and all the necessary paraphernalia of a first-class printing office and about the first of January next will give his paper a new dress. This evidence of prosperity will gratify the host of friends and admirers attached to Editor Walton. His paper is a splendid example of exalted journalism, and, without disparagement of any other paper in Kentucky, can be complimented as standing at the head in very many of the essential features of a first-class newspaper and family journal. — [Frankfort Capital.]

A NICE LITTLE PROHIBITION, TOWN.—Here is Lewisport, we have a distillery in sight of town, a "whisky boat" on the opposite side of the river and are in easy daily communication with Owensboro with her scores of saloons and eighteen distilleries, and yet, the local option law is a success. It is true men get drunk occasionally, but there is not one drunken man on our streets now where there were twenty when the saloons were in vogue. Our town is more quiet and peaceable; our people are more prosperous and happy. We have no vice breeding, youth-contaminating places of resort, and our boys are growing up sober and industrious. — [Lewisport Sentinel.]

A law prohibiting false pedigrees of stallions has been enacted by the New York Legislature. It requires that before advertising the stallion, the agent or owner shall file in the county clerk's office a report of the pedigree and the terms of service, upon which the county clerk shall issue a certificate or license. The law having been complied with, the service fee constitutes a legal lien upon the mare and foal until paid.

Chicken cholera is easily subdued with Ganser's Chicken Cholera Cure. It also improves the general health of the chicken. Sold and warranted by McRoberts & Stagg.

Men talk of it being hard times for the poor, and yet a poor man to-day can buy a locomotive for \$9,000 which would have cost him \$30,000 ten years ago.

—John Garragni, who weighed 250 pounds in life, was cremated at Cincinnati, Friday, and reduced to four pounds of ashes. The crematory there has already had ten subjects.

A buzz saw broke while running at a high rate of speed in Corvallis, Oregon, the other day and a piece striking William Buchanan on arm, just below the shoulder, cut it off so quickly and easily that he did not know that he was hurt until he saw his arm lying at his feet.

A hospital exclusively for cancer patients has been opened in New York. Dr. Barker, in a lecture at the opening said the disease is not hereditary. He spoke of the alarming increase of cancer, both in this country and Europe and affirmed that people of every condition are subject to it.

He has taken no thought of himself or his party. His courage is almost without parallel in political history. Jackson's war on the U. S. banks and Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation were of the same nature, but no more courageous, timely and necessary to the welfare of the Nation.

Grover Cleveland is the greatest popular leader of the day. He has risen superior to the politics of the time. The democratic party cannot cut loose from him; "it must sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" with him. — [Kansas City Star.]

A Boston jury has decided that a cigar is a drug, and therefore that an apothecary can sell one on Sunday without violating the law. The verdict is very similar to that once secured by Tom Marshall, in Kentucky, to the effect that "seven up" is not a game of chance, but a game of skill.

The decision was arrived at by putting an unskilled against the skilled players among the jury for moneyed stakes. The defendant, charged with gambling by means of a game of chance, was acquitted. Perhaps the jury in Boston smoked some of the apothecary's cigars. — [N. Y. World.]

WHY ATLANTA "WENT WET."—The discussion as to the causes which led to the result of the recent "wet" or "dry" election in Atlanta has become sufficiently protracted. Briefly, it was because a majority of the people wanted a drink when they were thirsty without the necessity of sneaking through three alleyways and up seven pairs of stairs, as is the cheerful custom in Kansas. — [Kansas City Times.]

There are now in use on American rail road 26,415 locomotives, 19,252 passenger cars, 3,325 baggage cars, 845,914 freight cars. The total cost of this rolling stock is \$700,000,000. If made up in one train it would be 5,600 miles in length or stretch twice across the continent.

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively Cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

A Woman's Discovery
"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a trial bottle at A. R. Penny's drug store.

The Verdict Unanimous
W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism 10 years standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

PIANOS!

The world-renowned Knabe, the famous Decker & Son, the popular and reliable Everett. The celebrated Clough & Warren, and the John Church & Co's.

ORGANS.

Any one desiring an elegant and durable musical instrument will do well to examine our prices before purchasing. We are agents for the well-known John Church & Co., and will warrant our Pianos for seven years, and our Organs for five years. The Everett Piano and the Clough & Warren Organ are the best and most reliable instruments manufactured. Our instruments can be seen at the postoffice in Stanford, where Miss Rose Richards will state prices, etc.

Patrons who have purchased these instruments will testify to their durability and elegant finish. We will be glad to serve the public, and guarantee satisfaction.

Elder W. L. Williams, of Hustonville, also represents the John Church & Co., and will be pleased to serve his friends.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Agents.

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

FOR 1888.

An epoch in the history of American politics that promises serious and radical changes in the past and present schemes of the

Buyers and Sellers of Legislation and Political Favor.

Of wealth produced, 80 per cent. to the non-producer and 20 per cent. for the actual producer is the unequal division between

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Labor Field has been carefully kept open for all comers, and promiscuous immigration not only encouraged, but the very worst foreign pauper labor has been contracted for and imported, in order that competition would cheapen the cost of labor and drive it to accept any price offered, while EVERY AVERAGE OF COMPETITION HAS BEEN EFFECTUALLY CLOSED IN THE INTERESTS OF MONOPOLY AND MANUFACTURERS' CORPORATIONS AND CAPITAL. Thus it is, the

Rich Grow Richer and the Poor Poorer

A Money Power has dictated legislation and the administration of justice, both State and National, to such an extent as to render the franchise a nullity, if not a farce, and elected officials mere figure-heads.

TRUE TO ITS PAST HISTORY,

The editorial page of THE ENQUIRER will present a review of the past, the causes and effects, leading up to the present state of primary corruption in a series of editorial, exhaustive and unanswerable articles that will show who and where and when originated the infamous class legislation.

During such a crisis a subsidized press, demagogic speeches and purchasable politicians so demoralize the public mind that a reliable exponent such as THE ENQUIRER IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY WITH EVERY VOTER OF WHATEVER PARTY, CREED OR FAITH WHO VALUES HIS MORAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS WORTH PRESERVING.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

THE ENQUIRER will stand without a peer. As a Guide for buyers and sellers of merchandise and produce, its market reports will be found full, reliable, extensive, and of very latest date from every commercial center. While in size and quantity of reading matter it is equal to two of the ordinary ones, all of which, and other excellent features, make it the

Largest, Best, and Cheapest Paper in the Country.

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Sunday and Daily.....\$1.00 \$3.75 \$7.00 \$14.00
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THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER.
Price is uniform for each and every subscriber.
One copy, one year.....\$1.15
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WM. AYRES, JAS. G. GIVENS, Notary Public.

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341 Fifth Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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—STANFORD, KY.—

WALTON BROS. - Proprietors.

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of Scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions.

DR. S. C. DAVIS, Physician and Surgeon, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children. (277-11)

FOR MAN AND

BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Scalds, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin, Corns, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Scrow, Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs it in case of accident. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Cavalier needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.

The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Farmer needs it—can't get along without it, and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Lumberman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.

The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—

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One year for only \$3—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, democratic and for a tariff for revenue only, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this price.

W. P. WALTON.

THIS has been rather a hard year on the Napoleons of Finance, Harper, who wrecked the Fidelity Bank, of Cincinnati, goes where several of his ilk have gone before—to the penitentiary, the jury finding him guilty and the judge giving him the full penalty of the law, 10 years in the Ohio penitentiary. As the sentence was passed upon him great tears coursed down his cheeks while his faithful wife sat wringing her hands in the very agony of despair. Harper was ordered to prison at once and before 10 o'clock the same night he was safely locked in the cell that for 10 years, unless something lucky for him turns up, must be his solitary abode. A more accomplished rascal has hardly ever before gotten his deserts. He is the typical scoundrel, false to his friends, whose money he appropriated to his selfish designs, a robber of the hard earnings of the poor and untrue to his wife, whose beauty of devotion through all his disgraces has become the admiration of all who have witnessed or read about it. Ten years is light punishment for the crimes he has committed, but if it serves as a warning to other "financiers" it may suffice.

BILL CHANDLER has offered a bill to regulate Congressional elections in the States of South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida and Louisiana, providing for the appointment of supervisors by the president, whose duty shall be to see that the colored man and brother is permitted to vote free from intimidation or other cause. The Honorable Bill wants no doubt to get another chance to count his party in, but the South is done with returning boards and other devices to thwart the will of the people. The elections in the South are fully as free from fraud as in any part of the country.

At the request of the Grand Army of the Republic a bill has been introduced in Congress granting a pension to every soldier and sailor, who is incapacitated for the performance of manual labor, and for pensions to dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors. Why not go the whole hog at once and ask for a service pension for to this complexion it is coming fast? Our brave defenders saved the country and it is but natural that they should want to possess it entire.

THE democrats of the Kentucky delegation, according to Judge Kincaid, convinced since the Taulbee escapade that a "Stand-Together-Association" is imperative, have formed themselves into one and resolved to always stand together; that any member caught shall be expelled; that the association is too good for republicans; that a committee be appointed to coach new members. Standing resolutions stating sorrow that any brother should be caught passed and ordered to be illuminated.

WONG AH HUNG, a rich Chinese merchant, has been convicted in the Federal Court at San Francisco of importing Chinese girls for immoral purposes. His plan was to bring these girls over and sell them to the lecherous Californians, who could afford it at \$200 to \$300 each. The facts developed at the trial were very disgusting and showed that the traffic in human bodies had reached large proportions.

SENATOR BECK has given notice that he will offer a bill to reduce the postage on letters of an ounce and less in weight to one cent, if after inquiry into the advisability of such action, the postoffice committee decides in the affirmative. It is claimed that the increase in business will justify it and since the department is not self-sustaining anyway, it had just as well call for ten millions as five to run it.

HARPER was found guilty on 32 counts of the indictment the maximum penalty of each of which is 10 years. Had the sentence been cumulative and he had been given the full penalty on each count, his term would have been fixed at just 320 years. It would take about that many years for him to do full penance for the crimes he committed against the poor, the widow and the orphan.

JUST 1,200 applications for pensions were received at the Pension Bureau Monday, the highest number ever received in one day. And that's too with nearly 500,000 on the list! At the rate the pension list is growing the question of surplus in the treasury will soon adjust itself by all of it being taken.

A CIRCUIT JUDGE at Oxford, O., has decided that a negro has as much right in a white school as anybody, but the citizens swear by the eternal that they will not submit; they will die first. Be pleased to remember that this is the enlightened North and not the lawless and degraded South.

THERE are no spring chickens among the United States Senators, but all are elderly "grave and noble seignors." Kennas, of West Virginia, is the youngest, being but 39, and Payne of Ohio, and Morrill of Vermont, the oldest, being each 77. About 60 years is the average of the ages.

TAULBEE says he was only a hugging and a kissing of her. There is no harm to kiss the pretty, red, pouting lips of a darling in petticoats, if she is willing, so why make all this hellabell about it?

CARLISLE is still pegging away at his committees and the House is not in session.

EDITOR BELL, of the Georgetown Times, is in a fair way to become a bloated money devil. The Australian government, alarmed at the ravages of the continually increasing rabbits, has offered \$175,000 to any person who can devise the means of their extermination. The editor says a colony of Kentucky negroes would clean them out in a hurry and is so confident of the plausibility of his plan that he has made a sight draft on the government for the full sum, not even taking the precaution to attach a notice of "no protest" to it.

THE total number of bills offered in the Senate last Monday reaches 594 and if all of the money they call for is appropriated, they will take fully \$500,000,000 from the treasury. Truly has the President said that the surplus is a never failing incentive to wild and dangerous schemes against the government. Let taxation be reduced to the minimum amount necessary to run an economically administered government and then there will be no surplus to tempt the designing Congressman.

NEWSY NOTES.

—Mrs. John Jacob Astor is dead at New York, aged 86.

—James W. Lapeley has been appointed postmaster at Esto, Russell county.

—M. Hostenstein has been elected President of Switzerland and M. Hammer Vice President.

—Grand Master Workman Powderly is reported dangerously ill from hemorrhage of the lungs.

—Joel Crowther, a drunken cigar-maker of Claremont, Vt., choked his mother to death Monday night.

—A collision on the C. & O. railroad near Clifton Forge, killing Conductor Frey and two other men.

—A train has been put on that makes the trip from Chicago to San Francisco in 3 days and 15 hours.

—It is stated that 40,000 lives have been sacrificed in building the ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

—Edmunds, of Vermont, has introduced into the Senate a bill for the establishment of a postal telegraph system.

—There's coal water in the Kanawha at last, and a fleet of coal coming for Cincinnati and the down river markets.

—The Daisy coal mines, on the Cincinnati Southern, have been sold to Chattanooga and Georgia parties for \$100,000.

—The firm of De Castro & Co., commission and shipping merchants, New York, has assigned with liabilities of a million of dollars.

—Phelps, Dodge & Palmer lost their large boat and shoe establishment at Cincinnati by fire; damage \$800,000, insurance \$600,000.

—Ben Hopkins, assistant cashier of Harper's Bank, is now on trial at Cincinnati and will likely follow his chief to the penitentiary.

—President Sadi Carnot has after much trouble succeeded in forming a cabinet. A cabinet office in France does not seem as much sought after as in this country.

—The \$20,000 curing mill of Rogers & Bastain, Carlisle, burned, together with 2,000 bushels of wheat; insurance \$5,000 in the Millers' Association. Cause unknown.

—Minneapolis, the greatest flour market in the world, has 26 mills producing 35,375 barrels daily. The Pillsbury alone produces 7,000 barrels of flour every 24 hours.

—Third and fourth-class postmasters are holding a convention in Washington, the purposes of which is to present their grievances to the department in a tangible shape.

—The City Council, of Atlanta, fixed \$1,500 as the cost of a retail liquor seller's license. The ordinance restricts saloons to certain streets and provides for strict regulation.

—By the explosion of a boiler at a steam saw mill near Seymour, Ind., Henry and William Harlow, two of the millmen, were killed instantly, and David Rose had an arm broken.

—Lloyd Brown, at Owensboro, washed his face in concentrated lye by mistake, and the flesh was burned from his face wherever the lye touched it. He is suffering terribly.

—The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections decided unanimously to seat Faulkner, of West Virginia, who was elected by the legislature over Lucas, the appointee of the governor.

—Henry S. Ives was arrested in New York on Tuesday afternoon on a warrant sworn out by Julius Dexter, charging him with stealing \$100,000. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$25,000.

—The Warren, Minn., Manufacturing Company's Elevator, containing 30,000 bushels of wheat, burned Tuesday. The elevator and contents were valued at \$25,000, and were partly insured.

—The democratic primary election held in Lexington Wednesday resulted in the selection of Charles W. Foushee as mayor. Judge Matt Walton was complimented with a walk over for recorder.

—The match between Jack Dempsey and Johnny Reagan for \$1,000 a side and the middle weight championship of America, took place near New York and resulted in a victory for Dempsey on the 14th round.

—It is said that over 2,000 persons professed conversion at Moody's meetings in Pittsburgh. He will be in Louisville after Christmas to try hand on those benighted heathens, the newspaper men, for a week or two.

—A daughter of Joseph Mullen, living in Cabell county, West Virginia, shot and killed a colored burglar Monday night who was trying to enter Mr. Mullen's house. He fell dead on the porch, shot through the head.

—Gen. Thomas Kirby Smith, of Philadelphia, died suddenly Wednesday morning in New York, aged 67 years. At the close of the war he was chief of staff to Gen. Grant.

—At Huron, Dakota, the house of Michael Harris caught fire and spread so rapidly that before any of his family save himself and young daughter could get out, they were burned up—the mother and six children.

—Mrs. Sarah Hayden, young and very beautiful, was found hanging to the bed post in her room in the Lexington Asylum Sunday night. She was from Pulaski, to which county her remains were taken for interment.

—As there is a measley contest for his seat, Speaker Carlisle would not appoint the committee on elections, but vacating his seat requested the House to do so. Crisp was made chairman and the other members named.

—The Atlanta prohibitionists now hope to see their principles prevail in the city, not through any local legislation but as a result of a State prohibition law, which, they assert, will be passed by the next Georgia Legislature.

—William Candiff, a bad character of Adair county, being warned to leave the county, procured a gun and shot and killed Talt Bradshaw, an estimable citizen. Though pursued and fired upon by a body of men Candiff escaped.

—Near Point Pleasant, W. Va., Henry Fawcett and wife locked in a room their three children, their oldest but five, and leaving them, went to church. Returning, they found their house in ashes and their children burned to death.

—Senator Reagan introduced a bill to regulate immigration, under the provision of which the Old World paupers and jail birds, such as Most and his fellows will be restricted in their free passage into and through the United States.

—The boiler in Lindsey's saw mill and tobacco hoghead manufactory, Mt. Sterling, exploded killing W. D. Stephenson, the sawyer, and badly wounding two other men. The boiler weighed 8,000 pounds but it was blown 125 feet and did great damage to property.

—Probably a quarter of a million of dollars has been sunk in the sinking of gas wells in Kentucky, yet not a foot of natural gas is being utilized in the State, save at the Brandenburg salt works, where it has been doing good service for 22 years.—(Louisville Times).

—The skeleton of Edward Hag, who came from Denver two months ago to marry Miss Ella Brown, at Owensboro, was found in the woods four miles from town. He had \$450 with him when he came and there being no trace of it, he was doubtless murdered and robbed.

—Last Sunday T. E. Kenfroe shot and killed S. W. Begley, at Pineville. Kenfroe's small son had snapped a toy pistol in Begley's face, for which the latter pushed him off the sidewalk, the boy resenting this by throwing a stone at Begley. The killing resulted from this.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Dr. Brown is by no means disabled, though of late days rheumatism has peculiar terror for him.

—Mrs. Will Bishop bought the millinery establishment of Mrs. Green and will carry on the business with zeal and a desire to please.

—The meeting at the Christian church closed Sunday night. Rev. Mr. Mansph, a Methodist preacher and teacher, is prospecting at Moreland.

—Public sympathy is respectfully solicited. Your correspondent passed through a birthday on Monday. No noticeable demonstration, except that the rain ceased, the skies grew bright and everything went on as usual.

—"Tone" Hurn, after selling his grocery business to other day, mounded his horse, rode out and looked at the fall grass and returning brought out Charlie Bishop. He is therefore a grocer and confectioner again, or at least is one to day.

—I learn that G. F. Peacock has sold his drug business to J. G. Weatherford. The supposition is that "Freely" has not retired permanently, but finding that his double avocation was too much for one man, he concluded to put the pharmacopoeia in abeyance until he shall have disposed of his botanical investigations among "orange blossoms."

—Your enterprising young b. m. smiled on our village Tuesday for a few brief moments. He gave out that he was on his way to Casey. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that he has gone to Russell Springs for the benefit of his infant mouse tache—in other words, that it is his purpose to "tarry in Jerico until his beard be grown."

—Stanford has long boasted of her "Merry Bachelors." She had better look to her laurels; for Hustonville is forming the nucleus of an association which bids fair to become a power in the land. Thus far it can show only three members, but they evidently mean business. They have taken and furnished a house and are ready to receive applications for membership. They talk of adopting the motto, "The home of the friendless," as the designation of their hostelry.

A recipe for a good liquid blueing for laundry work: Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it and put it in a bottle with one quart of clear rain water and add one ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful of this is sufficient for a large washing.

The material used in laundrying cuffs and collars, to make them so glossy consists of the following: "Pour a pint of boiling water upon 2 ounces of gum arabic, cover it, and let it stand overnight. Use a tablespoonful of this."

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Our fox hunters have at last caught a fox—in a steel trap.

—The town has put on a Christmas look, every store having more or less holiday goods.

—Florida oranges fresh from the groves of B. M. Burdett, Killarney, Fla., at Geo. D. Burdett & Co's.

—Don't forget the musicale at the College on the 23rd. I am directed to say it will be a good thing.

—The Sandifer matter is settled and Mr. Sandifer keeps his place as stamp deputy. This is no more than was expected here.

—D. M. Lackey has improved the appearance of his store room by the application of fresh paint, paper, soap and water, etc.

—It is a matter of fact that the Hon. James B. McCreary sticks to his friends closer than a brother, and every good democrat is his friend.

—The life insurance business seems to be having quite a boom here recently. It is a good thing and I am glad to see so many taking hold of it.

—J. G. Sweeney left on Wednesday for a short visit to the lakes of Killarney, Florida. J. Henry Hankla, of Junction City, was in Lancaster yesterday.

—Our confectioners are enterprising. A. Schilling displays a handsome cake of his own making, while T. G. Stephens has begun the manufacture of candy.

—Rev. Humphries preached at the Baptist church on Sunday night on the "Providences of God." Rev. McWilliams filled the pulpit at the Presbyterian church Sunday.

—If the Hon. Charles W. Buck should conclude to run against Mr. Beck for the Senate, it will be the old story of "bucking" the tiger and losing his all. Mr. Buck had best be satisfied with Peru.

—John S. Armstrong and wife, of Dallas Texas, are visiting at Capt. Frank White's. L. G. Hubble, of Washington City, is on a visit to his parents at Hubble. L. F. Hubble has returned to Birmingham.

—They are at it again in the News. Now let us have this question settled: Who kills? The good God or him who hath the power, namely, the devil. The people of this community want to see the arguments. Let the discussion go on.

—Thomas Johnson, Jr., has an offer to go to Harrodsburg to go into business. It is more than likely he will accept. S. M. Peacock has removed into his new property purchased from W. J. Lloyd. Uncle Billy Noel is some better. George Cates, of Louisville, was in Lancaster several days this week. E. C. Browning and W. N. Jones, of Winchester, are visiting in this city.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Mr. W. G. Marks is the parent of a fine boy this morning.

—P. Mulliner, whose dangerous illness has been noted, is rapidly improving.

—Pat Muldoon's Irish Comedy Company is due at the opera house on the 22nd inst.

—Mr. T. M. Clarkson and Miss Rachael A. Hamner obtained marriage license on Wednesday.

—Messrs. W. F. Evans and R. P. Jacobs are in New Mexico, to be absent about two weeks. Miss Sallie Montgomery, of Washington county, is visiting Miss Katie Burdett, in this county.

—Jo Haas has shipped 6,000 dressed turkeys to Boston and New York this week. Engleman & Fields sold Wednesday to F. D. Stout, of Du Boque, Iowa, the bay mare Mabel, by Dictator, dam Vic, by Mambrino Chief, for \$2,250. Tip Bruce also sold to Ben Kindig, of York, Pennsylvania, the bay gelding, Robert McKinney, by Black's Hambletonian; price unknown.

—Jack Hudson, alias "Jack Birdwhistle," had a fight with Mr. Girty, of the garrets Wednesday evening and beat him up badly. He was before the police court Thursday morning and fined \$50, in default of which he was sent to the work house. Tom Miller, for shooting in the town limits, is to be tried this (Thursday) evening.

—Frank Johnson swore before the police court Wednesday that he bought some beer from Thomas Staughter, a colored man. Thomas and several others swore that what Johnson said was not true, the jury believed Thomas and the others and did not believe Johnson and consequently acquitted Thomas. Johnson expects to continue in the witness business for some time yet.

RELIGIOUS.

—Revs. Evans and Hopper are holding a meeting at Frankfort, which had resulted in 15 additions to last accounts.

—The protracted meeting at Mount Hill Christian church, Carroll county, conducted by Eld W. H. Mahoney, closed with 78 additions.

—The Rev. Mr. Berry declined the call from Mr. Beecher's church saying that he had consecrated his life to a certain work in England and could not give it up.

—A number of distinguished Presbyterian divines of both branches of the Church are in session at Louisville to consider the question of uniting the Churches as before the war.

—Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D., late synodical missionary in Kentucky, has accepted a call to the First church in Des Moines Iowa, and has already entered on the discharge of his duties there. Dr. Wishard spent four months last winter and spring doing special and excellent work in Utah for the Board.

—In the elections in Massachusetts on Tuesday, Worcester went republican and Boston democratic, both places voting in favor of license.

B. K. WEAREN, UNDERTAKER!

—And dealer in—

Furniture of Every Description,

Parlor Sets, Bed Room Sets, Lounges, Tables, &c.,

—In endless variety. If you want to make a—

CHRISTMAS PRESENT,

You could not go to a better nor a cheaper place than to

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.

GEO. T. PORTMAN,

—Proprietor of—

Portman House Restaurant

Oysters, Pheasants, Ducks, Quail and Venison served in any style.

Leave orders for any of the above and they will be sent promptly to your residence or place of business.

S. S. MYERS!

—I have bought a large stock of—

Fruits, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes,

Lemons, Raisins, Dates, Figs,

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HUSBANDRY HINTS.

When weaning colts a good substitute for milk will be found in crushed oats and linseed.

The fattening hogs will do better if allowed a piece to dig into the dry earth, as the earth is a natural antidote for acidity of the stomach.

Top dressing is no doubt the best method of applying manure on heavy or clay soils, and is generally adopted by the most successful wheat-growers.

An inexpensive method of preserving eggs for the winter months is to dip them in boiled linseed oil, then pack them in fine salt, small end down, and keep in a cool place.

Better success in keeping early Irish potatoes may be had by not digging until after a falling frost in the fall. They keep better in the ground during warm weather than any where else.

When allowed to ripen, seed millet should be sown rather thickly, so as to restrict seed production and also to have a larger proportion of leaves and less of coarse, woody stalks.

A farmer who has tried both ways says he finds that by spreading manure over the potato field and plowing it in in the fall, gives him a better crop than letting the work go till spring.

A simple and efficacious method of treating stifle is to buckle a strap around the opposite leg just above the hock, making it so tight as to cause the horse to stand on the affected leg, and the trouble will speedily leave.

The carrot has more fattening qualities than other roots and for this reason is particularly adapted to sheep, young cattle and all animals intended for meat. Carrots will help to fatten animals quickly and with less cost than other roots, and quick fattening produces tender and juicy meat.

Good silage, properly fed, is nourishing, relishable, and produces good results. The milk from it is sweet and rich, and it improves the churning quality of the cream, while it does not injure it if it does not actually improve the quality of the milk. It may also be justly claimed to increase the production of both milk and butter.

One great cause of bulls becoming vicious is that they do not have exercise enough. Kept in stables, and especially if high-fed, they chafe in their confinement, and when let out are disposed to play or attack anything or person they can get at. The best way to keep bulls quiet is to let them run in a strongly-fenced yard or paddock.

When cabbage roots swell and become large like turnips, it is caused by the attacks of a small grub, the larvae of a black fly, known as the cabbage fly, and which is akin to the onion fly. This fly does not attack cabbage in new ground, where they—or turnips—have not been grown previously, nor when the soil has been liberally dressed with lime.

Let the potatoes get well dried, and pass through the sweat in a cool place before being put into the bins. These should be dry and airy, well whitewashed, and air-slacked lime sprinkled on the tubers. Don't put too many in one bin; a wide bin filled with the tubers to a depth of a foot or two will keep them better than a narrow bin several feet in depth.

For old trees that have failed to yield a profitable return, proceed in this manner: Dig the soil up thoroughly and then supply a good dressing of well-rotted stable manure and work thoroughly into the soil. Then, if you have them, apply a dressing of wood ashes. If these fail to revive the tree, after giving a good pruning it is about past redemption, and should give way to something better.

REN CLOVER should be given a prominent place in seedling lands for pasture use, because if the hay is to be used on the farm. Blue grass does badly during great drought, but its fine quality, permanence, thick sod, early growth in spring and late growth in autumn make it very valuable. No substitute of equal value has been found for timothy as a grass for hay, but the yield per acre and feeding value per ton are greater if clover is grown with it.

A DEEP, moderately rich, sandy soil suits the parsnip best; the land should be liberally manured, plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized. Best to sow the seeds early in the spring and pretty thick in the drill, as a field crop may be dug by throwing them out with a sub-soil plow. The harvesting is done late in the fall, because a touch of frost improves them. Take out only what will be wanted for winter use, and leave the remainder in the ground until spring.

Those who have made a study of the matter claim that the rotation of crops baffles the root enemies, both insect and fungoid, that prey upon the various crops. Each plant having its own peculiar enemies, the changing of plants removes them to fields unoccupied by such enemies. This is true of the enemies of the above-ground growth of plants to an important degree. Rotation conserves soil fertility and yet aids in soil decomposition by alternation of grass or clover crops and food crops.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

The first female college in the world was established in Georgia.

OVER \$500,000 is annually spent in Minneapolis, Minn., in educating the children.

DURING the last year New York City spent over \$245,000 on its school houses, over \$150,000 of which was for repairs.

A LEARNED professor of Harvard thinks that the father who gives his son more than \$1,300 a year at college is doing him an injury.

The women of Turkey were formerly deprived of instruction in reading; at the present day the Sultan provides them with schools.

AMONG the students at John Hopkins University are ten from Canada, five from Japan, and one each from England, Italy and China.

SOME of the leading men of England have organized a society for the promotion of technical education, including commercial and agricultural science.

The technical college of Zurich is the leading establishment of the kind in Europe, and the government is providing Strasbourg with an institution on an equally grand scale.

AN AGAINST one case of mental ruin superinduced by over-work of children in schools, thousands are set who have succumbed to the dissipation of child-life, in the forms of late hours, parties, sweets or story-reading at night.

NORTH CAROLINA seems to be making a good record in the matter of public education. She had in 1896, 547,308 children of the school age, and of these 305,598 attended the public schools. In the same year she expended for tuition of white youths \$330,000, and for colored youths \$191,050. The State appropriates 16,000 a year for teachers' institutes.

The higher schools of Norway recognize three fundamental principles: First, all higher schools must have a lower course in common; second, the length of the course must be so regulated that the pupil, upon its completion, shall be of an age to enter intelligently upon the duties of his calling; and the third is, that he must have ample time for the special study of history, philology, or mathematics and natural sciences.

MECHANICAL MENTION.

"CRUSHED bamboo" is coming into use as a paper-making material, and is stated to be already employed with the most satisfactory results in the paper supplied to several London dailies.

A RECENT specimen of the high degree of skill in the working of iron is a steel goblet, entirely forged by hand from a solid piece of steel and a half-inch round steel without the aid of boring tools.

A DIESSEL mechanic has succeeded in casting glass in the same way as metal is cast, and of an equal density with the metal. Experiments are being prosecuted with the purpose of employing the material as rails on railways.

A STEAM horse-power is equal to three actual horses' power; a living horse is equal to seven men. The steam-engines to day represent in the world approximately the work of a thousand millions of men, or more than double the working population of the earth.

A NOVELTY in silver is the discovery of a process of electro-plating with silver upon wood, and its adaptation to handles of all kinds, including umbrellas, canes, carving knives, etc. The silver is thrown upon the wood by a process which has proved extremely difficult in practice.

It is now possible to construct a complete sewing machine in a minute, or sixty in one hour; a reaper every fifteen minutes, or less; 300 watches in a day, complete in all their appointments. More important than this even, is the fact that it is possible to construct a locomotive in a day.

TO BLACK or polish and make Russia stove-pipe look like new, take of asphaltum two pounds, boiled linseed oil one pint, oil of turpentine two quarts. Fuse the asphaltum in an iron pot, boil the linseed oil, and add while hot. Stir well and remove from the fire. When partially cooled add oil of turpentine.

An inventor has completed experiments which, he says, show the practicability of making stone type. They are, of course, of large size, to substitute wood letters. The material is an artificial stone, pressed into molds, and then hardened, afterwards being polished on the surface. There will be no warping and no expansion or contraction, and each font will be exactly the same as that preceding.

A VERY good way to anneal a small piece of tool steel is to heat it up in a large jar, slowly as possible, and then take two fire boards and lay the hot steel between them and screw them up in a vise. As the steel is hot it sinks into the pieces of wood and is firmly imbedded in an almost airtight charcoal bed, and when taken out cold will be found to be nice and soft. To repeat this will make it as soft as could be wished.

In order to make an alloy which gives great hardness and ductility to red brass, without having recourse to phosphor bronze, a mixture of green bottle glass is recommended to be added to the other metals. To this end a pound of finely-pounded glass is to be added, say to a fifty-pound crucible charge, or two per cent., care being exercised to place the whole quantity of the glass at the bottom of the crucible, while the other metals are on top.

In the manufacture of corks a thorough knowledge of the various qualities and growths is necessary, in order to fit one for cutting them. It is essential, in order to obtain a good solid cork, to take care that its axis, as it is cut from the bark, be parallel with the axis of the tree on which the bark grew; but the broad, flat corks have to be cut perpendicular to the axis of the tree. Only the finest corks are now made by hand. A good workman can turn out, in the method described, about one thousand corks a day.

ACCORDING to a German paper, iron may be freed from ingramed rust in this manner: Immerse the article in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, even if much eaten into. The duration of the immersion will depend upon the thicker or thinner film of rust; in most cases, however, twelve to twenty-four hours will suffice. The solution of chloride of tin must not contain too great an excess of acid, otherwise it will attack the iron itself. After the articles have been removed from the bath they should first be washed in water and then with ammonia, and be dried as quickly as possible.

FROM DISTANT CLIMES.

ACCORDING to a recent inland revenue report the annual tobacco consumption of the United Kingdom is fifty-three million pounds.

The paper money of Germany is printed in the Imperial printing office, Berlin, which has a force of nine hundred employees and forty printing presses.

The Hollanders are said to be the greatest coffee-drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about eighteen pounds per head of the whole population.

The American of Afghanistan is fast gaining a world-wide reputation for cruelty. The manner of executing as ordered by him are cruel and barbarous in the extreme.

It is reported from the principal cities of Japan that American dress and customs are fast finding favor there. Tokio and other cities have street cars from America.

SWITZERLAND and France have each agreed to furnish 15,000,000 francs (about \$3,000,000) for a tunnel through the Simplon mountain which connects the two countries.

THE city of Tokio, Japan, is celebrated not only for the number, but the extent and beauty of its parks. Chief among them is Woyno, with an area of 2,500 acres, and Shiba, of 1,200 acres.

In the face of the strenuous efforts on the part of all concerned, the Colorado beetle has succeeded in establishing a foothold in Germany. Its appearance in the surrounding countries is only a question of time.

It is estimated that the wealth of the following countries is increased annually by the sums named: Germany, \$200,000,000; Great Britain, \$325,000,000; France, \$675,000,000; and the United States, \$875,000,000. The United States is already the wealthiest nation in the world, and as the above figures show, its wealth is increasing the most rapidly.

AN Australian paper of a recent date gives an account of the finding of a nugget of gold that weighed 225 ounces. It was unearthed by Chinamen at Hargraves, near Mulge. It was at Hargraves in the year 1852 that the celebrated Carr nugget of one hundredweight was found, and very recently a 40-ounce nugget was found a few miles away, at the Maitland bar.

CANADA has never had a war, yet her public debt has grown from less than \$100,000 in 1867 to nearly \$300,000,000 in 1897. She has given outright in subsidies to railways over \$110,000,000, besides giving enormous quantities of public land, and she has lavished scores of millions upon the construction of more than a thousand miles of railroad, which she owns and operates at a heavy loss.

PROHIBITION is, for the first time in the history of Scandinavia, beginning to attract attention as a possible political factor, and an address to the Storting demanding a law prohibiting the manufacture and importation of alcoholic liquors obtained in a short time the signatures of sixty-five thousand men and women over twenty-one years of age, although it was not by any means generally circulated.

PARLOR AND PANTRY.

DISEASE is often transmitted by the hands through the mouth. Always wash the hands on coming out of a sick-room.

A PADDED carpet of any kind can be restored to almost its original freshness by the use of one part ox-gall to two parts water, applied with a sponge.

A DROP or two of ammonia on the brush when cleaning the finger-nails is an excellent remedy for discolored nails. The ammonia should be diluted to the proper strength.

Castor-oil may be pleasantly administered to children by treating in this way: Pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire and stir, adding a little jelly or sugar to flavor.

An excellent way of cooking eggs is to break them in boiling milk without beating; cook slowly, stirring now and then. When done soft, pour into a dish and add a little pepper, salt and butter.

FURNISHING TRAY.—Break three eggs, add a pint of sweet milk and a pinch of salt. Cut in slices an inch thick a loaf of stale bread, dip in the egg, fry in hot butter, sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg.

A NICE dish of quinces or pears is made as follows: Place the fruit in a steamer and cook until tender, then pour on boiling water, but not enough to cover them. Sprinkle over with sugar and brown them in a hot oven.

THERE is nothing better for taking grease spots from clothing than equal parts of strong ammonia water, ether and alcohol. Place a piece of blotting paper under the spot, moisten a sponge first with water, then with the mixture and apply.

MILDEW or stains of most kinds will disappear upon the application of a javelle water, made as follows: Dissolve one-quarter pound of salt soda in four quarts of water and stir in one pound of chloride of lime. Pour off the clear liquid and bottle for use.

GLASS picture frames that have not been covered and are spotted by the flies, unless very poor, may be washed in clear water, allowing the water to soak off the specks and doing just enough rubbing to remove them easily. Dry with a soft cloth and rub very gently to bring back the lustre.

If a cellar has a damp smell and can not be thoroughly ventilated, a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges, will make the air pure and sweet. If a large basket of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept, there will be no danger of it becoming tainted.

In washing grained woodwork use clear water or cold tea. Where there are finger marks to be removed, such as around the door-knob or on the window sill, a little fine soap can be used, but only just enough to do the work, for soap should be used for this work only on very rare occasions, and ammonia never used.

SPIED FISH.—Prepare half a dozen fresh mackerel or other fish as for broiling; place them in a jar and strew over them as laid in, a mixture of 2 tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves, whole cloves and black pepper corns. Pour over vinegar, cover closely, or tie a thick brown paper over the jar, then bake three hours in a slow oven.

MEAT CAKES.—Chop very fine 2 pounds of lean raw beef—a meat chopper will do best; mix with it 2 well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of very fine bread crumbs or rolled cracker; moisten with stock or gravy, or if neither is on hand, with hot water. Add butter the size of an egg and 2 teaspoonfuls salt; mix all well together, then mould into cakes, and fry in butter or drippings to a nice brown.

Be sure that the water is at boiling point before putting into it the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm, the freshness and flavor will soak out into the water. Place the saucepan over the hottest part of your stove, so that it will boil as quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling process does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dished.

This is an excellent way of preparing a canvas: "Melt and boil a quarter of a pound of glue in a pint of water. Mix a pound and a half of whiting in half a pint of water, mix the whole together, stirring it well, and boil for a few moments. Spread on the canvas while warm; when dry rub with pumice-stone until smooth, washing off the dust, then paint with white lead and turpentine; let it dry well in the sun."

COURT GOSSIP.

A VISITOR at Windsor Castle says that it is not etiquette to address the Queen while dining, unless directly spoken to by Her Highness.

It costs England nearly \$5,000,000 a year to sustain the palaces reserved for the exclusive use of the Queen and her family, and nearly an equal amount to sustain the royal pleasure grounds.

The cleverest royal woman in Europe is said to be Princess Blanche de Nemours. She is a Russian, is pretty and delicate, abhors society and is devoted to art. She is equally expert with chisel and brush.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales is, according to report, a highly esthetic and fastidious young personage. A marked peculiarity of his is his desire to pay promptly for every thing he gets.

CHRISTINA, Queen-Regent of Spain, wears deep mourning still, but her dress is elegantly and stylishly made; silk lace over black silk is used for the costumes, which are much draped with jet; her bonnets and parasols always match exactly.

ALFONSO XIII., the diminutive monarch of Spain, was recently presented by the Tailors' Guild of Madrid with the very smallest and handsomest uniform ever made. The suit is of the grade to which the infant was elevated at birth.

The Emperor of Austria is a very popular monarch on account of the simplicity of his manners. He replies by "yes" and "no," and greets every body with an engaging smile and good nature. It seems to be his aim to set all at ease in his presence, and to treat his humblest subjects with courtesy.

REPORT says that Prince Bismarck becomes more irascible the older he grows, and when subjected to the slightest inconvenience his manners are decidedly impolite. He has taken to wearing silver spectacles, and lately prefers for an escort two huge bull-dogs, which ride with him in his carriage.

The motto of the Prince of Wales was handed down from the time of the Franco-English war, over five hundred years ago. Upon the banner of the age King of Bohemia, who battled and died for France at that time, was inscribed the three plumes and the words: "Ich Dien." I serve, which now appears upon the arms of Wales.

THERE is at Cowes, Isle of Wight, a floating bath for the use of the family royal. The bath consists of a well about twenty-five feet deep by fifteen, at the bottom of which is a wooden grating, which can easily be adjusted so as to afford any depth of water, from three feet to seven. A dressing-room, the bath which is thoroughly enclosed by screens. It is about 180 yards from the beach adjoining the Queen's grounds.

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Richmond, 9:00 p.m. 8:50 p.m.
Newport News, 10:35 a.m. 6:35 p.m.
Old Point Comfort, 11:00 a.m. 7:00 p.m.
Norfolk, 11:40 a.m. 7:40 p.m.
Baltimore, 9:40 p.m. 11:25 p.m.
Philadelphia, 3:00 a.m. 3:00 a.m.
New York, 6:20 a.m. 6:20 a.m.

Lexington Division Trains run by Central time. Main Line Trains east of Lexington run by Eastern time, which is one hour faster than Central time.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—No. 11, daily, except Sunday, leave Olive Hill 4:45 a.m.; Mt. Sterling 9:00 a.m.; arrive Lexington 8:35 a.m.; arrive at Cincinnati 11:55 a.m.; leave Cincinnati 1:55 a.m.; No. 12, daily except Sunday, leave Cincinnati 2:00 p.m.; Lexington 5:35 p.m.; arrive Mt. Sterling 9:00 a.m.; Olive Hill 9:20 p.m.

No. 5, daily, leave Clifton Forge at 7:00 a.m.; Charleston 10:30 p.m.; arrive Ashland 8:40 p.m.; Columbus 11:17 p.m.

No. 6, daily, leave Ashland 7:10 a.m.; arrive at Charleston 11:22 a.m.; Clifton Forge 7:30 p.m.

Pullman sleeping cars on all through trains. Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk on Monday at 6:30 p.m. for New York.

For Tickets, Rates, Information, etc., apply at Ticket office or address
W. C. WICKHAM,

ODD MATTERS IN PRINT.

A woman waiting for a train in a New Haven, Conn., railway station the other day had eight cross-eyed children with her.

The most valuable inkwell in the country is thought to be the one which was made for President Lincoln from four hundred troy ounces of silver sent to him as a token of friendship by an Arizona Congressman. It was melted by a New York jeweler, and is valued at over thirteen hundred dollars.

A Toronto man had a very singular battle the other day from which he retired beaten. He had captured a crow in a field and was proceeding home when he was beset by hundreds of the birds and although he used a club energetically he was compelled to seek the protection of a shed.

A young man was hurt at the Schenectady Locomotive Works a few days ago. Two physicians said his leg was broken, and they bandaged it accordingly. A third physician was subsequently called, who said the leg was not broken, and the young man got up from his bed and walked away without any difficulty.

A Philadelphia saloonist attracts custom in the following singular manner: A cage is placed upon the counter, into which two turkeys are placed. Under the floor of the cage, which is of iron, a fire is built, which, warming the floor, causes the birds to dance and caper about. These "dancing turkeys" are a great attraction.

They tell of a man in one of the Western States who goes through the country gathering cream, and when he has secured the proper quantity returns home. On the way he connects the churning gear, and as he drives along the churning goes on, and when he arrives there is nothing to do but take out the butter and draw off the buttermilk.

A Texas woman has discovered that a pile of cotton seed is the best of incubators. Cotton seed thrown together in a heap will generate a slow and steady heat, and the woman, knowing this, placed some eggs in the pile as an experiment, and was delighted, in the course of a short time, to see chicks come out of the shells healthy and hungry.

A Kansas farmer recently came upon a prairie dog on the prairie that appeared to be so intent upon something that it did not heed his approach. Upon going up to it he found it to be transfixed by the eye of a large rattlesnake coiled a few feet distant. He pushed the dog aside, thereby putting the snake into a great rage, which continued until he dispatched it.

An economical Indiana farmer named Hayes recently bestowed upon the Methodist Episcopal church \$100,000, the amount of his savings for years. To be sure of having the money disposed of as he wished, he gives it in his lifetime, only asking that an annuity of \$500 be settled upon him for the remainder of his life. The Board of Missions has fixed the annuity at \$1,000 for Mr. Hayes and \$500 for his wife. At 5 per cent interest the board will net \$5,000 a year after paying the annuities, so it seems to have a very good thing of the bequest already.

A LITTLE LEVITY.

GREAT grounds from little ache-corns grow.

"Auld acquaintance" are seldom forgotten if they have any weight.

Fish should be weighed in their own scales. The catch weight, that fixed by the man who catches the fish, is never correct.

A watchmaker would never do as a collector of water rates; he would be apt to charge too much for the spring.

A college-bred young lady when asked what kind of a noun "kiss" was, replied: "Both common and proper."

Red-shirt, of Buffalo Bill's troupe, has had his cards engraved in London. They read thus: "Mr. Carmine Undergarment."

Two essentials in the opening up of a new Western town are, a plow to mark out the lots and a newspaper to publish the key to the situation.

The best article of refreshment a young lady can provide for a diffident suitor, is peppermint; he, of course, will grasp the inference if he pops her the corn.

When a man sits down to a table and eats his meal from the bottom of his upturned plate, it is an indication of extreme nervousness or a dense ignorance of the usages of polite society.

It is stated that well-bred pug-dogs, that have acquired the habit of chewing gum from their mistresses, never chew before company; upon the appearance of strangers they always stick their end to a chair-bottom or window-sill.

Two students ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open."

"Where?" exclaimed the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."

One day the children were having an object lesson on the blue heron. The teacher called attention to its small tail, saying: "The bird has no tail to speak of." The next day she asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and a little girl wound up by saying: "The blue heron has a tail, but it must not be talked about."

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

PEAK is said to be the native land of the nasturtium.

The Damsion plum derives its name from Damascus, the place of its origin.

"Cow-quine" was the signification of the term applied to butter by the Greeks.

In its native State the coffee tree often grows to the height of twenty-five feet.

There were less than 12,000 post-offices in the United States in 1887; at present there are 45,000.

The population of the United States in 1880 was 12,860,023; in half a century it advanced to 50,155,783.

The one billion and over people of the earth speak in 3,064 known languages, and have 1,100 different religious beliefs.

The mother of Mary Beatrice, of the Court of James II., first produced was flowers in England. They were made as a gift for her royal daughter.

Tea was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, previous to the eighteenth century, and was not used in England before the middle of the seventeenth century.

In regard to the origin of the term "old horse" as applied to unclaimed express matter, history says that Alvin Adams started in the express business with one wagon and an old horse; whence arose the term.

A NEW HAVEN, Conn., was the first city in the world to open a telephone exchange. This occurred in January, 1878, since which time nineteen of the principal cities of the Union have a total of fifty thousand exchange subscribers.

TRADITION points to Central Asia as the aboriginal abode of the horse. The first horse was landed in America at Buenos Ayres in 1527. Australia had so many wild horses in 1875, it was found necessary to shoot thousands of them.

In France a glass or mug of beer or ale is called a "bock," which word is derived from the German. It originated in Munich during the reign of Louis de Baviere, who was thrown down by a buck, of which incident it is commemorative.

HIS UNKNOWN BRIDE.

The Interesting Journey Undertaken by a Young Missourian.

Among the passengers who sailed on the steamer Alameda recently was a gentleman from Missouri—William Milan, of St. Joseph—whose acquaintance with the young woman he hopes to make his wife savors somewhat of the romantic. Several months ago, says the San Francisco *Alta*, a relative of Milan's living in Cheswick, Australia, wrote a letter to the Missouri merchant, telling him of the many virtues of a young lady residing in Cheswick, whom the relative described as being both handsome and wealthy. Mr. Milan immediately wrote to the young lady, asking for a correspondence. He described himself and his business outlook as favorably as possible, and enclosed a photograph, fearing that she might have a misguided opinion as to the physical appearance of a Missourian.

Much to the young merchant's surprise the young lady accepted his offer of a correspondence, and she in turn forwarded a photograph of herself. Her stately and handsome figure, open countenance, large eyes, which she described as being black, and the neat arrangement of her hair, together with the fact that she is an heiress, so pleased the Missourian that he proposed, and in due time his offer of marriage was accepted. Upon receiving a letter notifying him that his suit was favored, Mr. Milan proposed an early marriage. The Australian heiress answered that the ceremony could take place as soon as he reached Cheswick. He immediately purchased an elegant home in St. Joseph, and furnished it in first class style. To a number of his intimate friends Mr. Milan stated that he would return to his Missouri home a Benedict.

The groom to be is a man of about thirty years of age; tall, and with features such as are usually denominated handsome. Being rich, he was considered by the mothers of St. Joseph, or those who possessed marriageable daughters, the best catch in the county. Before leaving on the vessel for Australia Mr. Milan could not be persuaded to exhibit the photograph of the fair one, although he acknowledged having it in his valise.

Although I have never seen Miss —, "I won't tell you her name. Although I have never seen her I am sufficiently pleased with her to make her my wife. That the young lady's character is unimpeachable I am confident from the assertions of my cousin in Cheswick. I knew her to be educated from the tone of her letters; that she is beautiful any person can see by a look at her photograph. At first her wealth was an object to me, but since the first two or three letters received from her I no longer think of that, but am anxious to meet and wed her for her own dear sake."

As the steamer cast off from the dock those who were acquainted with the object of the young merchant's visit to Australia, wished him a pleasant voyage, and all expressed hope that he would find his intended spouse all that fancy and distance pictured.

A WONDERFUL CAVE.

An Alabama Cavern Supposed to Contain Great Wealth.

A special from Talladega, Ala., to the Philadelphia *Times* contains the following sensational information: Ever since the late war at different times in this section of the south there has been discovered many places wherein treasures were buried by refugee parties. On the line extending from the Carolinas through Tennessee and Georgia to Alabama and on to the Gulf was beyond doubt deposited much valuable property, money, jewelry and silverware. A party of iron prospectors, while engaged in making excavations following a certain vein of ore on the sides of the mountain situated on the Miller property, about two and one-half miles east from this city, recently discovered a large opening in the hillside resembling a cave. Upon an examination being made an immense underground passage leading toward the city was discovered. The party procured torches and continued explorations, going as far as a mile underground. They describe the opening to be about three feet wide by six feet high. When about a quarter of a mile from the entrance they discovered the skeleton of a human being, an old rusty tin box, part of a hammer, an old piece of saw, several parts of different kinds of weapons and seventy twenty-dollar gold pieces tied up in a leather sack. This cave or underground passage is thought to have been the rendezvous of a gang of desperate bushwhackers, and the finding of these articles and more leads to the belief that an immense amount of treasure is secreted some where in this passage. In conversation with old residents of the city and county, the fact was established beyond a doubt that during the late war a gang of thieves, who operated extensively in this county and up and down the Coosa river, had their hiding place near Talladega, which fact was, however, never ascertained fully as to its exact location until the discovery of this immense cave or passage, which bears out their assertion.

A party of citizens went out to make a further examination of this truly wonderful discovery and reported the passage to be nearly two and a half miles long, divided into several large alcoves, or rooms, with a beautiful lake of running water flowing off to the west of the main direction, so rough and narrow in several places as to render it almost impassable. Nothing of value was found by this party further than reported by the finders. Never before has so much excitement been caused by a discovery, and the fact of these articles and money being found by the party of prospectors will cause every foot of that passage to be searched thoroughly for wealth, supposed to be hidden there. One party being interviewed on the subject, expressed the belief that this cave or passage was the home of an Indian hermit, who accumulated untold wealth from a gold mine situated near it, which is now being worked, and which shows signs of having been worked years ago.

Hank Monk's Monument.

The citizens of Nevada are raising money for a monument to Hank Monk, the famous stage driver, whose body lies in a lonely defile in the Colorado Mountains, near the Clear Creek road. The monument will bear these words:

HANK MONK.

The Whitest, Biggest Hearted and Best Known Stage Driver of the West.

Who was Kind to all and Thoughtful of None.

He Lived in a Strange Era and was a Hero.

And the Wheels of his Coach are Now Ringing on the Golden Streets.

Parlor Bible Readings.

The Boston *Transcript* says the "Bible readings in parlors will be a feature of society-diversion shall it be said—this winter and will take the place among some of the intellectual that Browning recitals occupied last year. Readers who may conclude from this preface that society is becoming pious will be disappointed when they learn that the new movement finds its support among the agnostics and that the old Bible will be selected solely with the rhetorical and oratorical possibilities of its stately language in view."

AMONG FOREIGNERS.

The Paruses of India do not put their dead under ground, but deposit them upon the tops of towers to decay and be consumed by the carrion birds. These queer receptacles of the dead are called the Towers of Silence.

When a prominent person among the Tartars dies there ensues what Americans would term a regular circus. Hired mourners and slash themselves, priests kick and howl, and the women give way to all sorts of caprices.

A TRAVELER in Barcelona describes the costumes of the natives as very novel and picturesque; the girls fine looking, with dark skin and glorious eyes; the men courteous, active and expert in throwing their odd, Moorish knives, and marvelous mountain climbers.

The Armenians of Russia Trans-Caucasia enjoy a one-man power in each home. The grandfather commands. The entire family, children, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law and grandchildren all obey him. The wife is condemned to silence from her marriage till the birth of her first child.

Tan Kahketians are great drunkards, and their women paint their faces horribly. Their fiery wine is kept in hog skins. To make the skin supple they skin the hog alive in a horrible manner, then soak the hides in naphtha. The wine kept therein tastes like beer, but the natives like it.

A LARVON part of the food of the denizens of the extreme North is said to consist of meat ground from prehistoric bones and shells abounding in the soil. According to reports Lapland alone consumes car-bone annually obtained from one section. This queer edible is mixed with grain meals in cooking.

One great and striking peculiarity of the Japanese is the fact that they speak a polysyllabic language, but write a monosyllabic one. That is, they speak their own native language, but write the Chinese or character language. Thus they must learn to read and write the Chinese language; though they never speak it.

AN African correspondent writes of the inhabitants of the White Nile countries saying, that among them are tribes as white as Europeans, with long, silky hair, the beards of some of the old men reaching to their feet. Many of the black tribes eat none but human flesh, men and women being sold in the markets at so much a pound, the same as beef or mutton.

AMONG the Arabs courtship is regarded as an important event in life. The Arab loves as none but an Arab can love; but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water or brushwood, and in a moment, almost at a glance, is as madly in love as if he had passed years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else, cares and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves; and not infrequently, if he is disappointed in his affections, he pines and dies.

HOME INDUSTRIES.

The present production of steel is 1,540,000,000 tons per year while 64,000 tons was the limit fourteen years ago.

In 1887 there were 1,500 miles of railroad; now there are 136,195 miles, 12,569 miles more than there are in all Europe.

ONE of the thriving industries of Colorado City, Col., is the mining of gypsum and the grinding of the mineral for the purpose of converting it into plaster of paris.

ANOTHER 60,000 tons of iron are yearly produced by the Southern States alone with a prospect of a three-fold increase when all furnaces under contract are completed.

THERE are about 15,000 periodicals now published in this country with a circulation exceeding 81,000,000 copies. In the purchase of these \$50,000,000 are annually spent.

In thirty years' time the woolen manufactures of this country have increased from \$20,000,000 to \$287,000,000. In twenty years the cotton industry has risen in value from \$107,000,000 to \$211,000,000.

OF the 201,690 tons of zinc produced in the world in 1885, the United States contributed fully one-ninth or 36,389 tons. It is reported that the fields are enlarging yearly and the yield proportionately larger.

The growth of the silk industry in America is regarded with surprise and alarm by the manufacturers abroad. Paterson, N. J., is the great center for this article, turning out annually over one hundred million dollars' worth of silk goods.

It is thought that at no distant day the culture of the olive will become one of the most important as well as profitable fields of horticultural enterprise with us, as it is at present with many countries in the south of Europe, whose chief revenue is derived from the export of olive oil and pickled olives.

SUGAR can now be, refined in this country at a profit of an eighth of a cent a pound, and sometimes as low as a sixteenth; or in other words, from eight to sixteen pounds of raw sugar must now be treated in refining in order to make a cent, from eight hundred to sixteen hundred pounds to make a dollar, from eighty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand pounds to make one hundred dollars, and so on.

ONE of the peculiar industries of this country is the skinning of herrings in which occupation some establishments employ forty or fifty young girls, who earn as high as seven dollars a week and flay as many as seven and eight thousand fish per week. The operation is simple, but interesting. They transform the herring of the old country store-boxed and saloon free-lunch counter variety, into the more aristocratic boneless herring of commerce. They cut off the head, strip off the skin all the way round, split the fish and take out the backbone, so nearly in one motion that the eyes of the onlooker are deceived.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The manufacture of watches is on the increase and the supply is generally unequal to the demand.

The value of broadstuffs exported from the United States during the last year approximated \$221,000,000.

The wool clip of the United States increased from 264,000,000 in 1880 to 320,000,000 in 1885, or 24.6 per cent, in six years.

APPLETON, Wis., is now the second city in the country in the matter of paper production, the yearly output being exceeded only by that of Lockport, N. Y.

The total value of exports of merchandise from the United States for the last year footed up \$717,022,339, while that of imports for the same time was \$700,330,820.

The forest area owned by the United States Government is reported as representing a capital of \$380,000,000; of this it is said \$8,000,000 is yearly lost by fire.

CALIFORNIA ranks third as an oil-producing State, with the prospect of a second place in the near future. In 1879 the product was 598,000 gallons, which was increased to nearly 11,000,000 gallons last year.

In respective values of farm products of the United States, a total of \$44,014,000,000 annually, corn leads off at a valuation of \$227,000,000, wheat follows at \$440,000,000, hay \$900,000,000, followed by beef, pork, cotton and poultry. Cotton stands seventh in the list. But cotton is still the leading article of export.

Stockholders Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the 24 Tuesday in January, 1888, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

Stockholders Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 24 Tuesday in January, 1888, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

Stockholders Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 24 Tuesday in January, 1888, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

NO. 2917.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

National Bank of Hustonville,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of Business, Dec. 7, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$87,578 24
Overdrafts	2,828 34
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	12,800 00
Due from approved reserve agents	6,709 87
Due from other National Banks	7,449 76
Real Estate, Furniture and fixtures	1,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	861 79
Premiums paid	3,200 00
Checks and other cash items	191 53
Bills of other Banks	615 00
Specie	4,439 65
Legal tender notes	1,940 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	562 50
Total	\$130,261 18

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	5,000 00
Undivided profits	5,050 55
National Bank notes outstanding	11,250 00
Individual deposits subject to check	56,250 04
Due to other National Banks	2,470 59
Total	\$130,261 18

STATE OF KENTUCKY, ss.

County of Lincoln, ss.

I, J. W. Hocker, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Dec., 1887.

G. F. PEACOCK, N. P. L. C.

Correct—Attest:

H. HAWES, EDWARD ALCOCK, T. J. MORRISON, Directors.

NO. 1705.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

The Farmers National Bank

AT STANFORD,

In the State of Kentucky, at the Close of Business Dec. 7, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$825,418 46
Overdrafts	4,306 61
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	27,800 00
Due from approved reserve agents	9,936 83
Due from other National Banks	4,888 78
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	7,000 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,119 12
Premiums paid	4,574 71
Bills of other Banks	4,600 00
Specie	40 50
Legal tender notes	5,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	6,000 00
Total	\$1,050,924 01

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$200,000 00
Surplus fund	79,000 00
Undivided profits	6,038 35
National Bank Notes outstanding	45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	112,095 58
Due to other National Banks	4,214 88
Due to State Banks and Bankers	3,918 60
Total	\$450,924 01

STATE OF KENTUCKY, ss.

County of Lincoln, ss.

I, Jno. B. Owsley, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Dec., 1887.

W. M. BRIGHT, N. P. L. C.

Correct—Attest:

A. H. CARPENTER, S. W. SHANKS, J. J. WILLIAMS, Directors.

NO. 2788.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF STANFORD,

At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky, at Close of Business, Dec. 7, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$341,654 23
Overdrafts	2,887 10
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	47,200 00
Due from approved reserve agents	13,089 57
Due from other National Banks	8,814 41
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures	8,900 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,470 48
Premiums paid	9,000 00
Checks and other cash items	747 16
Bills of other Banks	662 60
Specie	4,720 00
Legal tender notes	9,989 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	\$502,369 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$250,000 00
Surplus Fund	11,000 00
Undivided profits	11,303 34
National Bank Notes outstanding	45,000 00
Individual Deposits subject to check	153,859 10
Due to other National Banks	8,847 64
Due to State Banks and Bankers	904 12
Notes and bills re-discounted	26,900 80
Total	\$502,369 00

STATE OF KENTUCKY, ss.

County of Lincoln, ss.

I, Jno. J. McRoberts, Cashier of above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Dec., 1887.

W. M. BRIGHT, N. P. L. C.

Correct—Attest:

CROW & CO.

Druggists & Pharmacists,
McKinney, - - - Kentucky.

Have on hand the largest and best selected line of

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Of every kind ever put on the market, and are selling them lower than anybody. The most fastidious can be suited in anything from a doll baby up to a fine dresser. Call and see them.

F. M. WARE

As the year is drawing to a close, I desire to return my thanks to my friends and the public generally for the very liberal manner in which they have patronized me during the year and also to say that I intend during the coming year to make a greater effort, if possible, to furnish them with everything they may need and at prices that will be satisfactory to all.

I feel that my facilities are not surpassed by any merchant in the State, being right on the railroad, occupying a large two-story, well lighted building; no rents or city taxes to pay, paying spot cash for nearly every dollar's worth of goods I buy, selling altogether for cash or to strictly good men, having no losses to make up off of those who do pay—all of which are certainly considerations for close buyers. I shall continue as heretofore, to keep everything everybody wants and with a cordial invitation to all to come and see my

Christmas Novelties!

which are both handsome and useful and of prices clear out of the reach of competition and extending the best wishes of the season, and again thanking you, one and all, I am, respectfully,
F. M. WARE, McKinney, Ky.

J. B. TUCKER,

Hustonville, Ky.,

—Dealer In—

GROCERIES & HARDWARE

I have bought the stock of goods formerly owned by Mr. F. S. Tuttle and am doing business at his old stand. I have made large purchases since I bought the stock and with the large and well selected stock that Mr. Tuttle had, I am now prepared to wait on those wishing anything in the Grocery and Hardware line. See my stock even if you do not wish to purchase.

J. B. TUCKER.

Anthony Hunn,

SUCCESSOR TO C. H. BISHOP,

HUSTONVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.

Having purchased the Confectionery and Restaurant of the above, I will continue the business at the old stand and will keep constantly on hand a

Nice Line of Groceries and Confectioneries,

All of which I will sell at remarkably Low Prices. I make a specialty of selling Stick Candy at 10 cents per pound. Preserves, Mince Meats, Cider and in fact, everything is kept in my store. I have opened a

LARGE AND HANDSOME LINE OF DRUGS,

And will have an experienced man to attend to this line. Foreign Fruits in great variety. Fireworks and Toys for the Holidays. See my line before purchasing.
ANTHONY HUNN, Hustonville.

F. SCHULTZE & CO

20 and 22 West Fourth St.,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

IMPORTERS OF

CHINA AND

GLASSWARE,

Art Pottery and Fancy Goods

For Dining Rooms, Drawing

Rooms and Chamber Decorations.

DINNER SERVICES & TABLE

GLASSWARES SPECIALTIES.

JESSE J. THOMPSON,

THE BOSS PLACE

Everything belonging to this

J. W. WALLACE.

PRACTICAL BLACKSMITH,
STANFORD, KY.

Everything belonging to this Business done in the most approved manner and as cheap as the cheapest. All I ask is a trial. To my many Customers who have patronized me so liberally I am very thankful and only ask a continuance, promising always to do my best.

The old and reliable Barber announces that he is in better shape than ever to wait on his customers and as many new ones as may come. Hair-trimming, Shaving, Shampooing, all done in the latest and most artistic style. This paper recommends this to be one of the best Tonsorial Artists rooms in the State.

GRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Miss Alice Stuart is now teaching school at Goshen.

—On Saturday night, the 24th, there will be a Christmas tree at one of the churches here.

—Last Thursday was Mr. George King's birthday. His wife gave an elegant dinner in his honor, to which only gentlemen friends were invited.

—Mr. W. M. Garnett, who continues to suffer very much, has the sympathy of the entire community. A large bill on Miss Kate Holman's arm has caused her a great deal of pain during the last two weeks.

—Call on E. W. Jones for "Holiday Goods," viz. dressers, manicure sets, mirrors, Christmas cards, picture frames, photograph and autograph albums and toys, the cheapest ever sold in Crab Orchard.

—There will be another entertainment at the College Hall, on the night of the 22nd under the management of Mrs. Hawes and Miss Thirion. These two names are sufficient to insure a good performance and a large audience.

—On a night, Friday, there will be an oyster supper at the College Hall, given by the Good Templars. It is for a good cause and deserves to be well patronized. Those in attendance will also have the privilege of listening to some excellent music, as the school piano will be moved up stairs.

—Our lucky star is certainly in the ascendency this week, for we were invited and were present, too, at three splendid dinners. On each of these occasions all of the delicacies that could charm the eye or tempt the palate were placed before us and we did ample justice to them all. Mrs. Sam Ward, Mrs. W. K. Buchanan and Mrs. Dr. Pettus are the excellent ladies to whom we are indebted for these pleasant days. Long long will memory recall these happy hours spent in their hospitable homes. One feature that added very much to the enjoyment of these occasions were the numerous lovely songs so admirably rendered by Mr. Daugherty.

—Misses Lillias and Jean Buchanan have gone to Knoxville, Tenn., to spend the winter. Messrs. A. E. Gibbons and D. S. Hinman, of Danville, paid a flying visit to friends here. Mr. James Gover, of Stanford, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Bowen Gover. Mrs. M. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, is with her mother, Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, who continues very sick. Mrs. Lucinda Stephenson is visiting in Harrodsburg, where she will remain all winter. Mr. Robert White, of Mt. Vernon, spent several days with friends here. Miss Jean Buchanan is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Haldeman, in Louisville.

—The protracted meeting, which commenced at the Christian church on the night of the 7th, is largely attended and much interest manifested, though there have been no confessions yet. Rev. R. A. Hopper, of Lebanon, who is conducting the meeting, was assisted by Revs. J. B. Gibson and J. Q. Montgomery, of Stanford, several days this week. Able and appropriate discourses have been presented by all of the ministers and the splendid solo singing by Mr. Leonard Daugherty, of Elizabethtown, who has been fitly styled "the sweet singer of Israel," is by no means a minor feature. The congregation listen to him with rapt attention and silence reigns supreme while his rich, melodious voice fills the church.

—Thinking that it will be of interest to some of your readers, we clip the following from the Cumberland Gap Progress, published at Tazewell, Tennessee, on the 8th inst: "The funeral of the late I. C. Lane was largely attended. He was one of the old citizens, was at one time tax collector and had also represented this county in the legislature." Quite a number of people in this section of country are closely related to Mr. Lane, among whom are his three grandsons, Messrs. James and Robert White, of Mt. Vernon, and Mr. Perry White, of Lincoln. He was the father of J. P. Lane, deceased, who was the first husband of Mrs. Kate Egbert, that now is.

—There has been so much moving around during the last week that we hardly know where our neighbors live. Mr. Whit Montgomery has moved to his farm in the country where Mr. Harrison Thurman lived. He has moved to Garrard county. Mr. F. W. Dillon has taken possession of Mr. Whit Montgomery's place on the Stanford pike, lately vacated by him. Mr. Sam Ward has moved to Mrs. Eva Smith's house. Mr. J. T. Higgins, who formerly lived there, has moved into Mr. Sam Smith's house. Mr. Sam Holman is now living in the house opposite Mr. W. M. Garnett's. Mrs. Laura Moore has moved to Mr. J. W. Guest's property on the Somerset pike, where Mr. Sam Ward lived.

Howard Starn, of Baltimore, apparently died of convulsions. His body was placed in a coffin and the coffin temporarily placed in a vault. A few days afterwards, when the friends of the deceased went to have the remains moved from the vault to the grave, they were horrified to find the glass in the top of the coffin broken and the body turned over on its face. Starn had evidently regained consciousness in his coffin and made a desperate struggle to escape. The shroud was torn to shreds.

"Ah, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree."—[Ed. Bits.]

"We don't care for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another as she raised an umbrella. "We're neither sugar nor salt."

"No," replied the other, "but we are lasses."

—[Harper's Bazar.]

ROWLAND.

—Thinking perhaps that items from this busy centre of railroad traffic might be of interest to those most interested, I will give a few such as have been gathered.

—Besides the new Shelton Hotel, there are many private boarding houses that are crowded to their utmost capacity with railroad employees and their families.

—There has been for about two months past an unprecedented heavy shipment of coal and lumber via this would be railroad centre, averaging over 100 cars per day.

—R. T. Mattingly has moved to his new residence in East Stanford, on Whitley avenue. W. C. Barnett has also moved into his new residence in South Rowland. Mr. Dick Greaser has about recovered from his recent illness.

—I find there is a fast growing disposition on the part of the citizens to educate their children, morally as well as mentally, so as to not only avoid future trouble, but to build up and maintain a healthy sentiment which will be a pride to our county as well as this special community.

—The public school being taught by your scribe will close next week. The attendance has been more regular and numerous than for several seasons, so I am told. Patrons and trustees have shown us much courtesy since we have been here. The children are mostly of a bright and cheerful nature, with many very bright ones of both sexes. For the five months we have been in and out among them, we have not seen a single drunken man, or one who seemed inclined to be quarrelsome.

—Having talked with many of the citizens and railroad men in regard to a street railway from here to Stanford, I find that they all agree as to the necessity of the enterprise, as it would not only save much valuable time in the transfer to and from, but be of great convenience to those who live in Stanford whose place of business is Rowland. Also the immense trade carried on by the grocery merchants in town, the expense of which would be greatly lessened as well as the amount of business increased.

—Then as the demand is evidently so great, who of our moneyed men in Stanford and Rowland will inaugurate and push forward the enterprise, which would evidently be a paying one, instead of investing their capital in building up foreign cities, towns and territories, that can never benefit our home industries? So let us have the street railway and a solidly built up city all along the line.

F. M.

A LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.—A pupil in one of the public schools of the city completed recently in the following manner with a request to write a composition on the subject of a physiological lecture to which the school had just listened:

"The human body is made up of the head, the thorax and the abdomen.

"The head contains the brains when there is any.

"The thorax contains the heart and the lungs.

"The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five: A, E, I, O and U, and sometimes W and Y."—[Philadelphia Item.]

STRICTLY TEMPERANCE.—"Is the editor in."

"He is. I am that unfortunate individual. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, my name is Grinnell—temperance lecturer. I want a drink the worst kind, and being in my business you know it wouldn't look well for me to go into a saloon. Couldn't you scheme to send out for some?"

"Oh, yes. I'll call the darkey to the back window. I am also a strict temperance man."

There is no doubt that the bumptiousness and intolerance of the liquor men, their disregard of legislative regulations made for the public safety and the public health, their attempted dictation in politics and the demoralizing influence which they have exerted in legislative bodies have been powerful aids to the prohibition movement. They discarded moderation and scoffed at good advice. If they are wise now they will range themselves definitely in favor of proper regulation of the traffic such as high license inures.—[Chicago Tribune.]

President Lincoln said once that the best story he ever read in the papers of himself was this. Two quakers were traveling on the railroad and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does that think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham," said the first, "the Lord will think that Abraham is joking," the first replied conclusively.

The deepest well in this country is at Northampton, Mass., sunk by Belding Bros. & Co., milk manufacturers. It is 3,700 feet deep and 8 inches in diameter. At a depth of 150 feet from the surface a sedimentary sandstone was struck, which contained the whole depth, and water was never obtained. At St. Louis there is a well 3,180 feet deep, which yields an abundance of sulphur water.

—The Ohio Bohemian oats men have gone West, and now it won't be safe for the Missouri farmer to sign his name anywhere outside the family bible.

—Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, has refused to interfere in the case of Chester Bellows, sentenced to be hanged to-day, at Charles City, for the murder of Alice W. Larrabee. The rope prepared for the execution of Ling, the Chicago Anarchist, will be used in hanging Bellows.

THE FEAST OF THANKS.

Years pass like winds that cease to blow,
Like stars that fall from heaven's dome;
By winds of years, by winter snow,
Unquenched, still gleam the lights of home.

O, hearts we love where'er ye be,
For you the sacred board is spread,
The feast of Love and Memory!

Clear eyes full filled of holler light,
Clear souls at peace past death's dim banks,
Through all that gloom of utter night,
Come, keep with us the day of thanks!

Be thanks said at this festival:
May flock the golden head with foam;
By the old hearth we sit no more;
Yet God be thanked for love and home!

Though hopes and joys, like April snow,
May melt, though good or grief befall;
For all man's life, for bliss or woe,
Be thanks said at this festival!

Old hopes, old joys, old friends, old days
Wherefrom full many a season parts
For all, for all, to God be praise,
And most for love and kindly hearts!

THE PRESENT MRS. GRIME.

It ain't every man that has a chance to see the worst side of his wife's character afore marriage and the sweetest after. But I bein' a tinner, with as good an outfit as travels a New England road, bilers, pans, brooms, teakettles, an' all sorts o' nicknacks, bein' included, get a pretty good back view of what learned folks call society. An' it was about o' fellerin' my trade in this fashion that I first saw the present Mrs. Grime.

She was at the wash tub, an' the sud's was flyin' for all they was wuth. She looked pretty, too, though you might not think it from the work she was at, for she had red hair and the water bed made it curl around her forehead, an' the rubbin' heel made her cheeks rosy, an' somethin' I'll tell of when I get to it had made her eyes snup.

It was one of those big houses in a suburb she was doin' work at as third girl, to help the old folks back on the farm. She could a gone into a mill to work, but somehow she didn't take so kindly to mill work, she told me afterwards, as she did to housework, even if housework was more drudg'n' and confin'.

The back yard to this house was a green sort o' place, with lots o' bushes an' trees afore you got in full sight o' the kitchen door, an' when I'd got where I was pretty near a good view of the premises afore I could get another sight o' the little woman at the tub, I heard somethin' say, with lots o' solid meanin' in the tones:

"You do that again, an' I'll do somethin' more than take—now mind!"

I stepped out in full view o' matters, an' there a little mite o' rigged up babyhood was spillin' dirt into the wash tub.

It was an aggravatin' thing, an' I know jest how that little woman felt. There she was a working away for dear life—for it was late an' I could see there was still a 'big pile o' clothes unsorted—an' that little wretch a grinnin' an' throwin' in flats full o' dirt. I jest wondered what'd happen.

As I kept comin' nearer the house, the young rascal ran out for another handful, an' with a face as he skipped back lively as a cricket, anticipatin', no doubt, the fun of more soddin'.

But he missed his calculations. He hadn't no more than put his inverted body close to the tub than the little woman he'd been so tormentin' just swooped down on him easy and swift like, an' without a mite o' fuss or waste o' breath, landed him plump in the sud's—slippers, velvet, dirt an' all! While you could count perhaps five she held him there a bleached out little sinner, too completely knocked out o' his reck'nin' to even cry. Then she set him, all droppin' like a drowned rat, on the floor, an' held him fast by the shoulders.

"You've done that times enough," she said, with a grain o' temper that I found it easy to forgive, "an' an' me has stopped you. Now I've taken you in hand, an' we'll see what'll be the result. Go tell your mother, an' tell her I'm ready to give her an explanation. Now you go!"

With a howl that would have done credit to a Fiji Islander, the soaked torment started, an' his self constituted disciplinarian went to rubbin' fast and furious, as if she had still something to work off.

In spite o' the temper, I should hev liked to give her a hearty hand shake, but I knew enough about such folk an' their relations to their third girls to know such a proceedin' wouldn't be prudent; it wouldn't help the third girl a mite, so I jest traveled back the way I had come, without a word about bilers or anything else. I felt pretty sure the fewer spectators to the scene that would follow, when that youngster's mother come down stairs, the better.

The folks in the kitchen had seen me, but I knew at least one of them would be more comfortable if I left, an' wouldn't lay her again me any leavin' out o' manners. But I made it in my way to call around there an' see if they had any rag or old paper they wanted to swap for tinware.

The third girl wasn't there, only the second girl ironin' subdued like at a table. She said they didn't trade with pedlers—they bought all their tin things down to the store. Then I looked round careless, an' asked where the other girl was, but at that she looked scared an' said she didn't know where she'd been discharged an' no one knew where she'd gone.

I was mighty sorry at that, for I'd admired that plucky doin', in spite of the bit o' temper. Well, I said goodby to the second girl an' traveled back to my cart.

For more than two months I jangled round on my tin cart, makin' good bargains an' sellin' my bank account a few dollars each week. I always was of a thrifty turn, an' it come easy to lay by somethin', so I doct speak of it to make credit, only as a fact. I thought lots about the washin' day an' wondered what the two women had said when the young torment had told his ma. I always smiled when I thought of it, because I was pretty sure the mistress didn't get the best of it in words anyhow. An' somehow, between you and me, mistresses could have a deal of plain speakin' done to 'em without havin' nothin' their share.

But one afternoon I drove into a farmyard an' come near runnin' smash into another tin peddler establishment that he'd got there ahead of me. With due respect for the feller's rights, I was a preparin' to turn round an' git out, when I heard a voice that somehow seemed familiar:

"You're a swindler," it was sayin', "an' you know it! The bottom to that kittle is just the poorest kind o' stuff, an' the nose has come off an' been fastened on again. I don't want to trade with you, an' I won't, so you may as well go!"

"It's my little wash tub, beauty," says I to myself, wonderful glad, an' so it was. She followed the man, a meachin', cross eyed chap, to the door, an' I could see she was almost as angry as she was on that first mornin' I'd seen her. She wasn't so pretty this time either, for she had a towel round her head an' a faded out calico dress an' her boots that was out at the toes, but somehow my heart gave a thump an' I was down off'n my waggin' in no time.

"Maybe I kin make a trade with you," I says, more jerky than I ever spoke before.

"Well, maybe you can," she says, eyin' me.

I knew she was tryin' to place me, but I couldn't. I wanted to help her, but somehow

couldn't find the words. I could only bring out my best kittles and knock off half the regular price, on the ground that I wanted to dispose o' 'em quick, so's to lay in a new an' improved stock.

I was loagin' to know if this was her home, but couldn't think o' no way to find out with out askin' in so many words, an' that I hadn't the courage to do.

She handled the things carefully, but all of a sudden, when I thought she was examin' the nose of my biggest teakettle, she spoke up quick and sharp.

"I know where I've seen you," she said. "It was when I doinst that Charley Crumbly. Maybe you don't remember, since you didn't lose your temper an' place; but losin' your place makes you remember."

Somehow them words made me light headed; she'd remembered me!

"I recollect," said I, fast as ever I could for the fit that had seized my tongue, "an' I wanted to shake hands with you. He deserved all you gave, the varmint!"

She smiled a little, and sighed, too. "It best me my place, an' excusin' to you. An' takin' up a little pan an' turnin' it over. 'I ain't he'd the heart to look up another one yet, so here I am at home, a scoldin' one peddler an' tellin' my affairs to another. You must have a pretty poor opinion of me, an' no wonder."

She ended with a little laugh, an' said she guessed they'd take the bread pan an' the smaller kittle.

"Do you calkolate to stay round here all summer?" I asked, hatin' myself because my face was gettin' red as fire.

She answered back quite fierce: "I shall stay till I learn to manage my temper better in tryin' times, which, according to present appearances, won't be any too soon."

I said some peddlers was enough to try the patience of a saint, an' then grew redder'n ever, because I was afraid she'd think I meant she was about all my place, an' excusin' to you. But she didn't seem to take it the way I thought, and said there was peddlers an' peddlers.

Then we settled for the things, an' there bein' no excuse for my stayin' longer, I went. I said to myself a good many times that day: "She's got red hair, an' she's got a temper; but it didn't keep her out o' my head a mite, nor hinder me from gettin' round to that farm house again in a week. A time we didn't make no trade, but we had a few words o' nonsense over, an' we noticed the hearty way things were growin'."

It was near twilight, an' when I went away I had a feelin' as if I'd tucked a bit o' peace-fulsness down in my heart to make me glad an' thankful in the dust an' flies o' the road.

It needed it putty often that summer, for it grew to be a dreadful dry season, an' the travelin' was vile. I had to go to that farm house a good many times, but was no use tryin' to keep away, for the thought o' them bright eyes drew me there sure as honey draws bees.

I made excuses an' made excuses to myself till I'd forgot I was a Methodist in good an' regular standin'. Then I drew myself up short.

"It's no use, James Grime," I said; "you've lost somethin', an' you won't find it unless you find it in them brown eyes down on the Gray farm."

So I put on my best suit o' clo's an' a light overcoat, for it was gittin' niver winter an' the nights was chilly, an' I hired a team of the livery stable at the village where I was stoppin' an' started. But I hadn't gone more'n a rod or two when I turned back.

"No, you don't," I says, "do dressed up in your very best and behind a hired boss! You ain't got to take no such advantage o' the little girl. Like as when she'll be tired with her day's work, an' in her common, every day dress, an' you ain't goin' in upon her all fixed up as if you had no work to do or nothin'—no, sir, not by a long shot!"

So I took off the shiny store clo's an' put on the old ones I'd had on when I first see her. They was pretty seedy, but I put 'em on, an' when I'd hitched the old mare into the tin cart I felt a sight more square an' comfortable.

I was no better as far as clo's went than the dear little woman I wanted for my wife was—as to character, I thought o' my pipes an' rough ways, an' felt way below her. But then I thought, too, of her brown eyes and drove on.

It was just supper time when I got to the house, an' they all asked me in to take somethin' with 'em, only Elizabeth Jane, she didn't pass me too much.

I suppose that supper was as long as common meals, but I seemed to fly by to me. After we were through I talked round with the old gentleman, but watched Elizabeth washin' the dishes. She was so easy an' good to look at, as she worked, I couldn't help it no how, spite of my determination to keep my mind on her father, an' my eyes, too. I looked an' looked, an' couldn't get enough o' lookin'.

After that I don't just remember what happened, but somehow we found ourselves out on the porch alone lookin' at the west, that was all a mass o' gold an' purple. It was one of them moments that come to a man now an' then an' keep him sure there's a heaven-tender an' deep an' still. I don't mean to say there weren't no noises, for there were—the tree toads a singin' an' the frogs a croakin' an' the leaves a rustlin', but they was still noises an' tender.

"Elizabeth," I says, feelin' how hard it would go with me if she refused me, "Elizabeth, I've got lots of facts, an' I aint got no polish like the city chap to cover 'em, but I love you, dear, an' want you for my wife. Do you s'pose you could care for me like that?"

I was standin' very near her, an' could hear her heart beat fast, but she answered with a soft, little laugh:

"You ain't got a temper," she says, under her breath, "an' you ain't lost your place on account of it, an' I think you've made a mistake an' don't want me, at least, I don't see how you can, any way."

I didn't waste no words. I knew, my heart told me, the peacefulness was to be mine; the brown eyes had what I'd lost in 'em an' somethin' besides. I jest put my arms round her in the deep summer night, an' held her fast.

"I love you, temper an' all," I says, "wash tub an' everything. Don't you care for me jest a little?"

"Yes," she whispered back, "in spite o' my temper."

An' that's my wife, Elizabeth Jane, that I call "mother" now, because there's another Elizabeth Jane in the family.

We live on the old farm, an' barrin' the mistakes that come into all housekeepin' arrangements an' have to be made straight by experience, we've been as happy as the day is long.

I still peddle tins, an' sometimes when I'm ridin' along in the evening I think o' bein' without the wife an' home I'm goin' to, an' by the weight in my heart I know how much they are to me. So I say, "Bless the wives, all on 'em, but more particularly bless my wife."—Portland Transcript.

Asbestos Cloth.

Asbestos cloth is being used for wearing apparel by the firemen in Paris. The firemen, according to a newspaper report, arrived at the scene of a recent fire—the basement of a house—clad in asbestos cloth suits, and were enabled to descend into the basement and master the flames in a short time.—Cleveland Leader.